Greatest Circulation in the World

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Robbed the Playful Sheik of His *Goofy Sport*

THE war has been blamed for any number of things, but the ostriches of Arabia are thankful that it has ended—temporarily at least—the world's goofiest sport.

Nowadays the speedy two-toed birds with undersized wings can run around the desert to their hearts' content with nary a worry about the antics of Sheik Neghtem.

It's all because the Sheik finds it impossible these days to get tires, spare parts and gasoline for his "Model T." His ancient-vintage car which he delighted to use for chasing ostriches is parked under a tent for the duration.

For years Sheik Neghtem has been the greatest menace the plumed birds have had to contend with and many a gawky critter owes its captivity to the strange technique of the hunter who found, quite by accident, that there was something new under the desert sun in ostrich hunting.

One day, while returning from a gazelle hunt in his car, the Sheik spied a dozen ostriches loping along on the hot plateau. He ordered his chauffeur to pursue them.

For a time, the swift birds outdistanced the puffing automobile that was handicapped by the rough terrain, but finally they tired. The great hunter sprang excitedly to the running board of his car, caught by the neck the first exhausted ostrich and pulling the bird into the car triumphantly bore it back to camp.

Then, returning eagerly to the chase, he shouted wild commands to his driver to pursue another and soon had the first captive's bewildered mate in a firm grip. Before the sport ended, six had been caught.

The success of his first ostrich hunt provided so much fun that Sheik Neghtem planned regular monthly forays against the birds. Soon he had so many hobbled near his oasis that it looked like an ostrich farm.

The mighty motor car sportsman, however, made one mistake that ended his favorite hobby. As long as he did his hunting on level stretches everything went smoothly, but recently he ordered his chauffeur to drive his decrepit car off beaten paths and onto rough ground. Both front tires blew out after hitting a desert stone, a spring broke, and the radiator was punctured.

The Sheik, who won't be doing any more hunting until the war is over, told his friends his gas was running short, anyhow. Tires were not the only thing. If it hadn't been one reason, it would have been another.

Sheik Neghtem Grabbed Many an Ostrich From the Back Seat of His "Model T"—But the Shortage of Gasoline and Tires Has Forced Him to Give Up His Exciting Pastime.

In a Small Settlement North of Nome, Alaska, a Hungry Tundra Wolf Invaded the Camp of an Old Deer Hunter Who Was Killed and Eaten by the Ravenous Beast.

News—Wolves Go Hunting for Men

WHEN a man goes hunting wolves, it's not news. But when a wolf hunts man—that's something else. It's rare indeed when a wolf will attack a human (all fiction stories to the contrary notwithstanding), but that is just what has been happening recently in the cold, bleak tundra country, north of Nome, Alaska.

For the first time within the memory of the oldest Alaskan inhabitants, Eskimo hunters have been bringing back stories of being set upon by the great gray wolves that prowl the frozen lands near the Arctic Circle.

One report from Noorvik, a small settlement north of Nome, told how a tundra wolf crept into the camp of Old Sampson, a veteran deer hunter, and attacked him so savagely that the man was killed before he had a chance to defend himself.

Other Eskimos, who found Sampson—he had been hunting alone—said the wild animal had ravenously ripped the man to shreds.

Similar cases involving attacks on other hunters have been reported. In the same country, wolves have set upon these men while they were on the trail. One case is reported of two hunters who stood off an attack from a savage pack by throwing them food, and then opening fire with their rifles.

Although vicious and savage, wolves ordinarily are cowardly when it comes to making war on men and, except when pressed by extreme hunger, give human beings a wide berth.

Wild life experts knew that packs of the ferocious animals were making appalling inroads among herds of northern reindeer and caribou this season, which has been one of the toughest of the Arctic winters, but since reports of the strange turnabout by the Noorvik wolf packs, warnings have been sent out, by radio and by courier, to men stationed in isolated places.

Counting Birds with *Firecrackers*

OUT in Nebraska, game wardens have hit on a unique and practical plan for taking the census of male pheasants. They use firecrackers.

The bird counter, standing in the middle of a field or woods, touches off one of the toy explosives. The sudden sound scares the pheasants and the startled birds crow. All the observer has to do is count the crows.

On a clear day, cock cries can be heard for miles. The wardens estimate that a zone five miles square can be covered with a single firecracker.

According to H. Elliot McClure of the Nebraska Game, Forestation, and Parks Commission, the "crowing" method of beak-counting will only work well on still days, as even a slight wind can keep the distant calls from being heard.

When the Firecrackers Go Off, the Male Pheasants Crow and Are More Or Less Accurately Counted by the Keen-eared Census Takers.

A tribute to the U. S. Field Artillery

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE MIGHTY JEEP

JEEP PINCH-HITS FOR 2½-TON TOW TRUCK

In the American Attack on Sicily

THIS is a true story of good old Ten-O-Eight, a 105mm. howitzer, her crew of fighting Americans, and a tough Jeep fighting car from Willys-Overland—as told by a Yank Magazine "staff correspondent" and Corporal I——, the gunner.

* * *

"The crew of Ten-O-Eight certainly loved their gun. They had teamed up with it through all their months of Army Ground Forces training, from Texas to New York.

"Then, at last, one thrill-packed day, the boys found themselves and the rest of their battery aboard a transport headed for Sicily.

"Long will they remember the wild morning they landed amidst the smoke and noise of bursting German bombs and shells. It was their baptism of fire.

"The gun crew were disembarked first. But the gun couldn't be put ashore there. So Corporal I——, the gunner, was ordered to go with the landing boat to a point about ten miles downshore where the gun *could* be landed.

"A little while later the Corporal found himself on the blazing beach with the gun, no ammunition, and with no means of transporting the gun.

"By that time all hell had broken loose. Nazi shore batteries, bombers and strafers were literally spraying the beach with death-dealing missiles of every description. Young Corporal I——was in a tough spot. But here is what he did—as told in his own words:

"'My job was to get the GUN back to our battery, and quick. But how? Things kept getting hotter every second. I had just about made up my mind to duck under the gun and wait for help, when I saw a Jeep coming my way. My only chance was to beg, borrow or steal that Jeep. So I yelled, 'Hey, Yank! Can that baby pull this gun? We got a date up ahead with our battery!' 'Sure,' he says. 'She'll pull anything that ain't set in concrete. Just tie on to her.'

"'So a couple of sailors and infantrymen helped me hitch the gun to the Jeep, and the driver began to ease the power into the Jeep's four wheels.

"'Believe me I was praying hard. I had *all* my fingers crossed. Why? Because that Jeep was pinch hitting for a big brute of a *2½ ton six-wheel drive truck*—the kind that always tows 105mm. howitzers. It was a 'field expedient' as they say—not a Jeep's regular job at all.

"'But it *worked*. With some help in the heavy going, that fighting Jeep pulled the gun all those ten miles—*through sand*—right up to a high spot where our battery was in action. And in a few minutes old Ten-O-Eight was shooting *for keeps*, for the first time in her life—and in ours.

"'I had often heard that Jeep fighting cars packed a load of power. Now I *know* it. That Jeep baby sure pulled *me* out of a hole that day, and I mean pulled!'"

The fighting heart of the mighty Jeep

* * *

Jeeps from Willys-Overland are now serving our allied forces on every fighting front of this war. Their dependability, ruggedness—AND VERSATILITY—have amazed the whole world.

Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., "Builders of the *mighty* Jeep."

WILLYS *Builds the Mighty* JEEP

The power and stamina of the versatile Jeep will serve many needs in the years of reconstruction ahead

You May Think Your Cat's Smart But Actually It's Sly, Uncooperative and, Like Its Cousin the Raccoon, Not Very Bright.

The Chimp's the Champ

By PROF. C. J. WARDEN
Distinguished Psychologist
Director of the Animal Laboratory
Columbia University

The Winners! Chimps Enjoy Human Company, Kiss and Hug Affectionately, and Love to Imitate.

A Good Sense of Rhythm Enables Chimps to Perform Difficult Feats.

Those Old Faithfuls, the Horse and Dog, Are Still Man's Best Friends, Psychologist Warden Finds, But Rated Strictly On Brain Power, They're Far From the Head of the Class

WHAT'S the most intelligent of all the animals?

Most people, influenced by the fact that dogs and horses are man's best and oldest four-footed friends, probably would give one or the other the title.

But recent scientific "quiz tests" show that, in a survey of animal intelligence, the dog rates fifth and the horse—last!

However, don't feel too bad about the low ratings of dogs. Actually, this faithful companion and protector of man is bested mentally only by the higher apes.

Of these, the chimpanzee — with that rarity among animals, a sense of humor — is No. 1.

As for the horse, he's a useful fellow, but doesn't rate as high in brains as the lowly porker.

The elephant, too, is far from being the mental giant he has been pictured.

Here, according to the "quiz test," are the ten brainiest animals, given in order with the brightest first:

1. Chimpanzee, 2. orangutan, 3. gorilla, 4. monkey, 5. dog, 6. cat, 7. raccoon, 8. elephant, 9. pig, 10. horse.

Until recently, when psychologists perfected scientific methods of testing the intelligence of animals, rating of their actual mentality was impossible.

But we now can classify the higher animals by their relative I. Q. just as we do human beings.

All the animal species to be compared are tested on the same set of problems.

The method is illustrated by the problem box test (see diagram at right) devised for use in my laboratory at Columbia University. This consists of a large circular work cage with a food box in the center so that the animal can be rewarded for success. It is entirely humane and causes the animals no discomfort. In fact, they appear to enjoy it.

The problem is to learn to step on as many plates in the floor as possible. When the animal enters the door (E) it steps on plates 1, 2 and 3. If it does this it's rewarded. But once the three-plate sequence is mastered, the animal must reverse, step on plate 2 again and then into the food box for the four-plate pattern. The results are striking.

No Mental Giant But He Finished in Ninth Place, or One Point Ahead of the Horse.

The smartest guinea pig failed on the two-plate pattern — whereas a few white rats learned but could go no further. Some of the cats learned a seven-plate pattern.

Monkeys were able to master a 22-plate pattern, which is complex indeed.

The test demonstrates the relative intelligence of these species in problem-solving.

In our search for animals of high intelligence we know that the ten best brains will be found in animal groups which stand high in the evolutionary scale. Superior intelligence depends on a complex body, brain and nervous system.

The mammals stand highest in the scale of evolution. We know, therefore, that the ten best brains are within this class of back-boned animals. In fact, it turns out that all ten are members of the three highest groups of this class—the primates, the carnivores and the grazing animals.

The primate group includes the great apes and the monkeys. Here we find the first four among our 10 leading brains.

The chimp is most like man in mental make-up when both intelligence and temperament are considered. It seems to enjoy human company.

Like man, chimps kiss and hug in their love-making. They are exhibitionists — and delight in being "dressed up." They soon learn to eat, drink and smoke as we do.

Chimps even have a sense of rhythm. They can dance gracefully and beat a drum in time.

As evidence of their sense of humor, there is the case of the "spitter," who often lured strangers close to his cage, only to shower them with saliva. The chimp then capered.

Some psychologists might rate the gorilla higher than the orang in intelligence. The gorilla may just possibly be as smart as the orang but he has not shown up as well in tests.

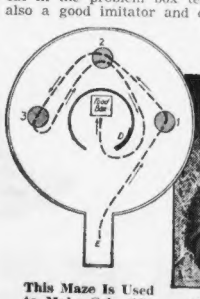
The monkey is far superior to the cat in the problem box test. He is also a good imitator and can learn simple tasks by observation. Monkeys readily learn to rake food to them.

The carnivores, flesh-eating animals, stand next to the primates in the evolutionary scale. This group includes the dog, cat and raccoon, with such wild types as the lion, tiger, leopard and bear. None ranks higher than the dog, cat and raccoon. The dog does better than the cat and the raccoon in most laboratory tests.

Then there are special tests in which the dog leads. The "seeing-eye" dog must be able to give the "stop" signal to keep his blind master from blundering into trouble.

Dogs can be taught to perform many acts on command. Some years ago I tested the German Shepherd, "Fellow," which could carry out at least 100 activities. He also knew the names of many common objects. When these were placed before him he could pick out the one named. The others on our list of ten are the horse, cow, pig, elephant, deer, bison, sheep and rhinoceros.

Doubtless some will resent the horse being given last place. But that is what the tests show. We admire the horse for its grace and utility. But our quiz ratings are based not on beauty and utility but on brains.



This Maze Is Used to Make Scientific Tests of Animal Brain Power.

Barely Made the First Division, But Courage and Loyalty Keep 'Em Out of the Doghouse. This One Saved a Sailor's Life.

By Hatching Out a Lot of New Soviet Republics, Stalin Has Figuratively Yanked a Throne Right Out From Under Poor Lucy.

Lucy's Sad Awakening *from* That Dream *of a* Throne

She Married a Prince, Built Her Castles in the Air, But Uncle Joe Stalin Bombed Out Her Ambition

Prince Vladimir Eristavi-Tchitcherine, Whose Marriage to Lucy Has Collapsed on the Grave of Her Queenly Ambitions.

By LAURENCE SANTREY

A NEW game is sweeping through the smart set — which, needless to say, can stand an occasional sweeping.

This game bids fair to supplant such favorite, up-to-the-minute pastimes as gin rummy, bean bag and puss-in-the-corner.

It is a guessing game.

You say to the girl with bloodshot eyes sitting across the table: "Guess why Lucy Cotton Thomas Ament Hann Magraw Eristavi-Tchitcherine is seeking to divorce her fifth husband, the colorful Georgian Prince Vladimir Eristavi-Tchitcherine?"

If you are not able to say this you had better go home.

If you are, the girl guesses. Then you guess. And you keep this up until (a) one or the other stumbles over Tchitcherine—who, for all you know, may be there—or (b) somebody turns up a likely answer, or (c) you both get fed up and go elsewhere.

The nice thing about this game is that Lucy, Etc., actually is suing Prince Vladimir Eristavi-Tchitcherine for divorce right now in Florida.

To date, the prize answer to the $64 question is:

Lucy is suing the Prince because the Soviet Union recently granted complete autonomy to its 16 constituent republics.

And now, if you will hold your hats, we will explain why this is not as silly as it sounds.

Properly speaking, the explanation begins with the question why Lucy decided to marry Prince Vladimir in the first place.

As in the Song, Lucy Cotton Thomas Ament Hann Magraw Tchitcherine Must "Start All Over Again."

She already had a husband, Thomas Magraw, her fourth, and he was a regular dream one, too, considering all he had put up with.

True, he was not as well-heeled as her first spouse. That gentleman, a newspaper-owner named Ned Thomas, had not only accumulated around $30,000,000, but shortly after marrying Lucy had had the grace to pass on to a better world, leaving her close to $2,000,000, outright, and all the remainder to their infant daughter, Lucetta, in trust.

But, if Magraw lacked Thomas' mazuma, or lettuce, he made up for it with the disposition of a martyr, not to mention an ability to handle other people's finances with skill.

Neither her soldierly second husband, Col. Lyton Gray Ament, nor her sailorly third, Lieut.-Comdr. Charles A. Hann, had possessed any such fiduciary qualifications.

The Closest Lucy Came to Her Dreamt-Of Crown Was the Day She Married the Prince in a Typical Russian Ceremony.

The Colonel, after a spell of helping Hoover rehabilitate Europe, had tried in vain to rehabilitate Lucy.

And as for the lieutenant-commander, she saw him seldom because he was so much at sea.

Anyhow, Magraw was making Lucy's ends meet and being an all around good fellow, to boot, when that tall, balding son of the steppes, Prince Eristavi-Tchitchefine, appeared.

The Prince was a little on his uppers at the moment, working for a Palm Beach jeweler by day and going on the prowl at night.

It was at night, at a party, that he met Lucy, and, according to both, it was love at first sight.

No doubt they were right. As he had already been wed three times (he comes from the Russian State of Georgia, which also produced the marrying Mdivanis), and she, of course, four times, it seems hardly likely that they could have been mistaken about something in which they had so much experience.

Yet love was apparently not the sole factor. To judge from her subsequent behavior, she was also bewitched by the Prince's title and prospects.

So she went to Magraw and said in effect, "Leave us have no more of this marriage. I want a divorce."

At first he thought it another transient whim, like her insistence on being called Mrs. Thomas, after legally becoming Mrs. Magraw, or the one which had prompted her to have her head shaved in order to wear brightly-colored wigs.

The actual proceedings began with a cocktail party, at which, besides Lucy, those present included her incoming and outgoing husbands and a battery of lawyers. When the refreshments gave out, everybody drove down to Key West, Florida, where she was divorced and remarried.

On their return to Palm Beach, Lucy wasted no time in letting people know that she was now a princess.

She made a tour of the local stores, informing clerks and such of her elevation in rank; she replaced her American servants with European refugees; she phrased her invitations in the style of royal commands and then overwhelmed those who obeyed by having the butler announce, "Her Royal Highness will appear soon."

Nor apparently did it disconcert her in the least when behind her back folks started calling her "Princess Cotton Panties" or when the Russian Nobility Association cast doubt on the authenticity of her husband's title.

Was all this just the comedy that it seemed, or was there something more back of it all?

Those in the know believed that through a piling up of hypotheses the like of which had not been undertaken since Kipling wrote his poem, "If," she had arrived at the conclusion that she was going to be a queen.

Her reasoning, they declared, ran somewhat as follows:

If Russia should be defeated and cut up into its original states, and if a puppet king should be appointed to rule Georgia, and if Vladimir happened to be the choice for the throne, she would be Queen of Georgia.

But, of course, the Russian army has knocked out those hypotheses.

And now, as the final blow, Georgia has been declared a republic.

So it looks as though Lucy may at last have given up her queenly aspirations, which, in turn, suggests why she is giving up the Prince.

Shut of them both, she may recover something of a more tangible value, to wit, her daughter Lucetta, who got tired of calling mama Royal Highness and walked out, taking along her $80,000 a year income.

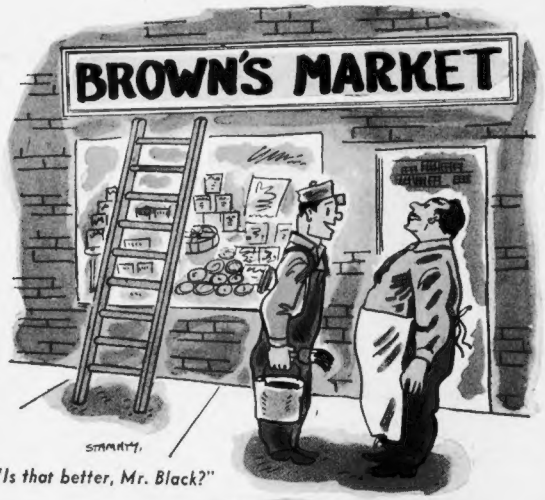
Here, in Lucy's Lavish Miami, Fla., Home, the Curtain Has Been Rung Down on the Brief Comedy of Royalty.

HAVE A CHUCKLE

"He always has to have his way!"

"The whole Pacific Ocean to drift around in—and you guys wind up here!"

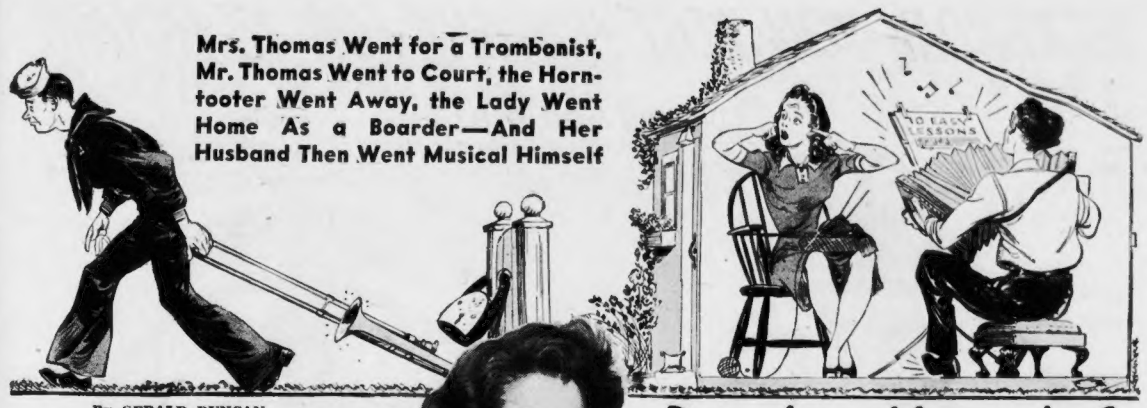
"This time I'm sure it's serious—she gave him two gasoline coupons and he's given her a shoe and a sugar coupon."



"Is that better, Mr. Black?"

"....Neon!"

Mrs. Thomas Went for a Trombonist, Mr. Thomas Went to Court, the Horn-tooter Went Away, the Lady Went Home As a Boarder—And Her Husband Then Went Musical Himself



Peculiar Home Life of a Divorced Couple

By GERALD DUNCAN

LIEUT. COMDR. ROBERT S. THOMAS, a personable engineer with the Seabees, is a man who lost his wife and got a boarder. Losing a wife sometimes happens in the best of families. So does the acquisition of a boarder. But not both in one and the same person.

The case of the lieutenant commander is one of the strangest in the California court records, which contain many strange proceedings, particularly affecting the private lives of the movie colonists.

It was disclosed recently when Superior Judge James G. Quinn, at Oakland, granted a divorce to Thomas and wrote a legalistic decision that made dark-haired Mrs. Audrey Thomas, an ex-beauty queen, a star boarder in her ex-husband's household.

And that's how they're living today—under the same roof, with their two children, and his mother-in-law as chaperon.

It all came about because Audrey fell in love with a trombone player.

Audrey is mighty easy to contemplate, retaining the face and figure that ten years ago, when she was 17, won her the title of Miss Denver. William J. Bojorques, a tooter of tunes now in the Coast Guard, contemplated her and decided that she was for him.

William J. Bojorques, Trombonist, Who Tooted Mrs. Thomas Into a Divorce.

They met at a USO clubroom, and soon were meeting on street corners. The Thomases made their home with her mother, Mrs. Myrtle Bennett, so Audrey left the children—Rogene, 5, and Robert, 3—with grandma and often picked up Bojorques in downtown Oakland in their car.

After a while Mrs. Thomas decided to make a break. She sued for divorce, charging mental cruelty, even though she continued to live in the same house with her husband. Thomas then got the notion that maybe he didn't know as much about his wife as he should. So he hired William V. Pennington, a detective, to do some checking. Pennington found out plenty.

Thereupon, Thomas filed a cross-complaint on the same ground. His affidavit mentioned nothing about the things his detective said he learned. But in court Pennington spoke up.

Telling how he trailed them to a dark street, where they parked in the Thomas sedan, he said:

"I saw their heads together and they were kissing."

Another time Thomas went along with Pennington and surprised Mrs. T. and Bojorques in another tryst in her car.

"All right, you've got me," Mrs. Thomas was quoted as saying, adding: "Oh, Robert! Why did you do this awful thing?"

"You should ask yourself that question," Thomas rejoined.

It isn't of record that Bojorques had anything to say, or that he even snapped to attention and saluted when his superior officer appeared on the scene.

Thomas had a few words to tell the judge:

"She would go to her dramatic lessons twice a week, sometimes more often (she was studying to be an actress) and not get in until after midnight. One night I thought I would shame her for coming in late. I locked her out of the house. But she climbed in a window."

Mrs. Thomas put it this way:

"I love Mr. Bojorques."

Bojorques, too, was a witness:

"We thought we might get married some day. Nothing immediate, of course." Nothing more from him.

Ex-Mrs. Robert Thomas, Star Boarder in Her Former Husband's Unique Household.

Judge Quinn pondered the testimony and tossed out Audrey's plea. He gave the divorce to Thomas. Then he came up with his most unusual decision.

Throughout the trial, the Thomases had continued to live in the same house. Judge Quinn saw no reason to change the situation if they wanted it that way. He gave legal custody of the children to Thomas, at the same time directing that Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Thomas' mother, be in charge of their physical care. Thomas was ordered to maintain the household.

Judge Quinn specified that Audrey might continue her design for living so long as she kept away from her tune-tooter. Bojorques was barred from the house because, Judge Quinn said, he had "broken up a home, well knowing the marital situation" and was a person "whose conduct has been reprehensible and inexcusable."

Mere propinquity with the children, Judge Quinn added in his stinging rebuke, "might contaminate them."

Mrs. Myrtle Bennett (Left), Ex-Mother-in-Law, Chaperons the Odd Design for Living in the Home of Lieut. Comdr. Thomas (Right).

For all her professed love for the captivating coast guardsman, Audrey promised to lock her gate against Bojorques. She said she would eschew her double life and devote her days and nights to her children, meanwhile continuing her drama studies and casting around for a job as an actress or a model. That was fine with Thomas and okay with Judge Quinn.

Audrey began her role of star boarder at once. She has all the comforts of home and none of the responsibilities. But just to keep in good with the boss she makes his bed every morning after he leaves. Mrs. Bennett does the cooking. Thomas takes out the laundry, which is done at the Navy base.

As far as the children are concerned, there is no difference. Their mother is with them to minister to their needs. She legally is answerable to two superiors in the matter of raising her own children—her mother and her ex-husband. But Rogene and Robert don't know.

Thomas has to be content with a warmed-over dinner. His star boarder, his mother-in-law and his children eat before he reaches home and he has to take what's left.

But Thomas has his fun. After he learned about his wife and her tooter he thought he, too, might charm her with music. So he bought an accordion, and a book on how to learn to play it in ten easy lessons. Now he sits in the living room of an evening and practices. Audrey wants to trade in the accordion for a trombone, but she remembers what Judge Quinn told her.

One big happy family.

YESTERDAY YOU WENT HUNGRY FOR 18 HOURS

(OH YES YOU DID!)

1 **Let's see now**—you sat down to a nice dinner at 6 o'clock last night. And from then till *lunch* the next day all you had was a skimpy "bird breakfast." (Research shows that many folks do this, and it's *not so good!*)

2 **Result**—you went to work that morning *without* the food-energy to do your best job. Investigations in war plants show that when employees skimp on breakfast, production slumps! And doctors and dietitians agree, you need at least *one quarter of your daily nourishment at breakfast!*

3 **Don't start your job** on only a fraction of your energy. Refuel with a *whole-grain* cereal—the kind recommended by Uncle Sam's Basic 7 Foods program. Which cereal? Well, Grape-Nuts Flakes is a *honey* . . . a "gee-ain't-life-wonderful" cereal just bursting with whole-grain nourishment, and B_1, that crackling energy vitamin.

Grape-Nuts Flakes
WHOLE-GRAIN
LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!
Government authorities say: Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.
Doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least ¼ of our daily nourishment at breakfast.
Nutritionists say: An adequate breakfast includes *both* fruit *and* a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.
We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.
GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

4 **Tomorrow,** hop out of bed to a big bowl of rich, honey-golden Grape-Nuts Flakes. Pour on the milk or cream, pile on your favorite fruit. Man! *What a swelegant dish!* (No shortage of Grape-Nuts Flakes—you'll find 'em everywhere!)

Grape-Nuts Flakes
A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

Eat a good breakfast—do a better job!

Canada's Main Bout with Its Shivering Saints

Clothes Are Weapons With the Doukhobors, Who Complacently Strip to Confound Their Enemies—In Any Kind of Weather.

The Spirit-Wrestling Doukhobors Are Protesting Again, This Time About Conscription, and As Usual Are Undressing for Spite

CANADA is having trouble again with its strange religious cultists, the Doukhobors.

Doukhobors are spirit-wrestlers. That's what their name, translated from the Russian, means.

They get so restless wrestling with spirits that occasionally they shimmy right out of their clothes—particularly if anybody is looking. Yet they are moral and law-abiding citizens in most respects.

Stripping is just their favorite way of protesting against things that conflict with their beliefs. Which a lot of things do—among them the conscription laws of Canada.

It was in protest against these laws that a special sect of Doukhobors, calling itself the "Sons of Freedom," marched a thousand-strong down the main street of Glade, British Columbia, with their bodies as bare as their hands.

It was cold enough to freeze the tuxedo off a penguin. But they didn't seem to mind and fought like mad when police tried to get them to don overcoats.

All of which accounts for new demands in the House of Commons at Ottawa that the Doukhobors be sent back where they came from.

It's far from the first time the Doukhobors have made their Canadian hosts blush. Almost from the beginning of their sojourn in Canada in 1899—to which they fled to escape the persecution of Czarist Russia—they have been running around nude.

It is an old Doukhobor custom to wear clothes or not, depending upon whim or weather. Both sexes think nothing of sitting down together for a dish of tea with only the wind for a garment.

They took their custom with them when they landed in Canada. Soon the natives got to complaining. From this the Doukhobors discovered that their nudity had a definite nuisance value. So when the tax collectors arrived to collect levies on their land in Saskatchewan, the Doukhobors not only refused to pay but stripped to the ankles.

The police moved in—and made no impression on the cultists at all. The Doukhobors acknowledge no authority except their own, which is entrusted to a leader. So they simply went on stripping whenever anybody bothered them. Arrest—or the threat of it—didn't feaze them. Besides, it wasn't practicable. There were about 20,000 in the colony and when one group tired of stripping in the sun another was formed and carried on.

Some people said there ought to be a law. So a law was passed. They were told the government had decreed their conduct indecent exposure. But they didn't consider it such and went on peeling to the epidermis.

Squads of Royal Canadian Mounted Police then took over. They were stern men who were accustomed to using stern measures. They decided to treat the Doukhobors like children and give them a tanning. But the police didn't reckon with the fervor of the cultists in their devotion to their revered ideals.

A Leader Reads About Conditions in Russia, From Which the Cult Fled Persecution.

The police moved among the nude men and women with sticks and let them fall vigorously. The Doukhobors didn't flinch. Red welt after red welt swelled on their backs and thighs and they took them, meanwhile fighting back with hands and feet. The police gave up.

Townspeople were plenty irritated by the monkeyshines of the newcomers and took matters in their own hands. They pelted them with bad eggs. They doused them with dishwater. They splashed them with kerosene. They daubed them with paint. They smeared them with cement. And still the Doukhobors gamboled in the nude.

In 1929 the police made a bold gesture. A big group was marching on Nelson, B. C., when 75 women let down their skirts and started up the main street. Police quickly lined up eight trucks, wheel to wheel, and drove them in a solid phalanx against the women. The marchers recoiled for a moment but soon reformed and stalked on defiantly.

The trucks came closer. The distance to the women narrowed to five feet—four feet — three feet. The women closed their eyes and waited. Two feet—one foot — contact with the naked bodies. The women cried out but they didn't move. The trucks stopped. The police had bluffed and the Doukhobors had called. The pot belonged to the defiant cultists.

Some time afterward, the police tried another ruse. They equipped themselves with itch powder, a fiendish concoction of stiff hair chopped to extreme fineness by special machinery. Rubbed into the skin it causes intense itching; the more you scratch the deeper it is buried—and the more it itches.

First the marchers were sprayed with a mildly irritating oil. Then they were dusted with the itching hair. In a matter of minutes they were very busy, wrestling with the itch instead of spirits. The march broke up. But—the Doukhobors didn't.

Following the latest demonstration against the draft, W. K. Esling, member of Parliament from British Columbia, asked in Commons that the Doukhobors be deported. Not only, he said, had they flouted laws against nudity but "burned $100,000 worth of government buildings" in their determination to get back at the authorities for taking their sons in the armed service.

Some say the Doukhobors date back to 1700 during the reign of Peter the Great. Others say the sect was founded in the mid-1800s with the help of Alexander I. However they started, they pledged themselves to abstain from liquor, tobacco and meat.

They dedicated themselves, however, to love.

Every Sunday they are reminded of this fact by their leader, who chants:

"Love is the first spark of life spirit. It begins with rhythm—rhythm in the kiss and rhythm in the embrace. Love is always sacred. Love as long as you live."

Instead of being assimilated, the Doukhobors have remained in their own communities and married only among themselves. They consider births and deaths their own business, and have defied the laws which require such matters to be reported to the authorities.

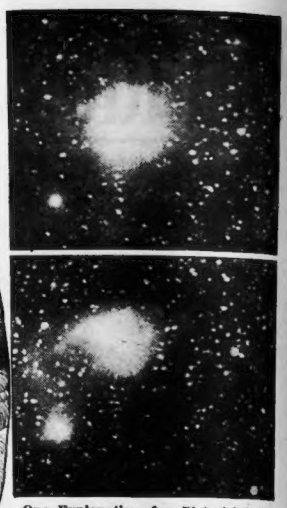
The police tried to count the babies, but they soon gave up. They decided it would be easy to check on the number of deaths by counting the graves.

The Doukhobors figured this was the start of a new form of persecution. They went over every graveyard with plows, leaving the police baffled.

But it's doubtful if stripping or any other ruse will save them from the draft. Canada is scraping the draft barrel, and even a Doukhobor looks good—with or without clothes.

Women Take the Place of Horses in Ploughing the Fields, for the Doukhobors' Creed of Love Prohibits the Use of Beasts for Food or Work.

Pictoris, a Faint Dot (Top), Blazed Into a Nova in 1925 (Center), Then Faded (Bottom). Now Astronomers Find It's Flattened Out Because Like a Celestial Potter's Wheel It's Spinning So Fast, and Possibly Will Throw Off Fragments to Start a New Solar System, As Ours May Have Been Born.



One Explanation for Pictoris' Sudden Brilliance Is the Explosion Theory Which Might Account for Nova Persei's Flare-Up (Top) and (Bottom) Three Months Later.

New Blessed Event for Nova, the Flat-Top Star?

By WM. H. BARTON, JR.
Curator of the Hayden Planetarium

When Three New Bodies Appeared Near Pictoris in 1928, One Theory Held That the Nova Really Was Two Dark Stars Which Collided With a Burst of Light (A-A') and Moved Apart (B-B'), Becoming Four Bright Objects at C and C'. And Right — How Luminous Gases Shoot Out When Two Dark Stars Approach.

ON FEB. 1 Harvard College Observatory Announcement Card 679 carried this note:

"NOVA PICTORIS—Dr. J. S. Paraskevopoulos reports by radiogram that with the Rockefeller 60-inch reflector he has photographed Nova Pictoris 1925, with exposures of 30, 60 and 120 minutes, and finds the image distinctly elongated in position, angle approximately 70 degrees. He finds no trace of diffuse nebulosity around the nova."

Dr. Paraskevopoulos is at Harvard's South African Observatory and has been studying this strange star since it flared up to puzzle the world of science in May 1925.

A "nova," literally new star, was so called many years ago when it was thought to be a star that blazed, apparently out of nowhere, into the sky. Now, we know novas are not really new-born, but are stars that appear dim to us and suddenly flare up to startling brilliance.

Why? Well, that still is a mystery.

Chemical action, collision with another star, and several other explanations have been offered. None is quite satisfactory.

The star RR Pictoris is one of these little-understood celestial bodies. It is so far away that, according to some estimates, its light must travel 540 years before it reaches us.

In a southern constellation down near the brilliant Canopus, this star now is only of 10th magnitude. But Nova Pictoris blazed up to first magnitude in May 1925, nearly as bright as Canopus, second most brilliant star in the whole heavens. Then the mystery star, almost as suddenly, went back to its old lack of visibility.

There is nothing unusual about such behavior in the skies. Novas appear many times a year.

What is unusual, however, is the fact that three years after this cosmic explosion, Van den Bos and Fingen, two astronomers at Johannesburg, saw three unidentified luminous bodies appear near the star. It seemed as though a cataclysmic breaking up of the main body had produced several offspring.

They were not of equal brilliance, nor did they compare with their "parent." Call them satellites or planets.

As suddenly as it had appeared, one of these fiery children disappeared in 1930. The other two moved farther away, as though they had been strenuously ejected from the nova.

Were these real planets similar to Mars, Jupiter and Neptune? Did the world witness, nearly a quarter of a century ago, the birth of another solar system with Nova Pictoris its central figure?

No one has furnished an answer to that question yet.

But new hope for solving that celestial puzzle was found in the most startling revelation of the recent Harvard Card. It announced that Nova Pictoris had flattened out.

Any rapidly whirling body flattens from centrifugal force. The earth, for example, is not exactly a sphere. The planet Jupiter is noticeably flattened when viewed in a telescope. We suspect the sun is slightly flattened, too, but it spins so slowly that we cannot be sure.

But Nova Pictoris is "distinctly elongated," the announcement says. If this elongation becomes great enough a piece may fly out. Perhaps that is what happened back in 1928 when the three new bodies were seen. It seems not improbable that the dim and distant star is acquiring a solar system all its own, like the one our sun has.

By watching it through their telescopes astronomers may settle once and for all the question of how our earth originated. Its beginning has been a matter of speculation for centuries, ever since ancient thinkers suspected that gigantic birds laid earth-eggs. Scientists of today are fairly agreed on the age of the earth.

The oldest rocks we find in the earth solidified from a molten state about 2,000,000,000 years ago. We can time this interval by a radioactive "clock." Radioactive rocks change into lead and helium at a known rate. Therefore, by noting the amount of these products we know how long it took to make them. It was about 2,000,000,000 years.

The study of rocks that fall from the sky—meteorites—indicates that they have been in existence only a little longer. In fact, it would seem that the whole solar system came into being at once. The great event took place some two or three billion years ago. What actually happened is still a matter of scientific speculation.

Let's take a quick look at the earth and the solar system. The sun is a great ball of glowing gases nearly a million miles in diameter. Around it in a flat, disk-like formation swing nine known planets, Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto. There are also a few thousand tiny planetoids.

This planetary plane extends over 3,500,000 miles outward from the sun, forty times our earth's distance from it. Moons circle around some of these worlds—again in nearly the same plane, for the most part.

These bodies, planets as well as moons, and the sun also, rotate or spin in the same direction. Only one planet and a few of the moons are exceptions to this orbital law.

With all this common movement displayed by a family of worlds around a star we call the sun it seems only reasonable that some one event started up the mechanism.

Professor Fred Whipple, of Harvard, suggests that a collision between stars might cause the flare-up we call a nova. We don't know if there was such an initial event, but in the present flattening of Nova Pictoris we may be witnessing what happened to our own sun 3,000,000,000 years ago.

Perhaps solar systems are more common than we thought. We may not be unique after all.

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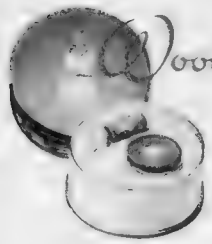

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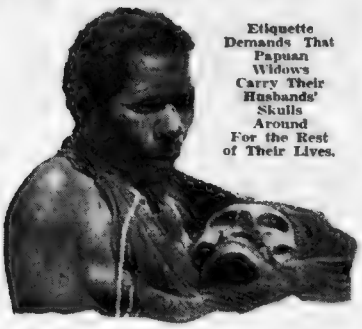
An Army Band Gives a Good Will Concert for Southwest Pacific Head Hunter Families Near the Front.

Cannibals Are the NICEST People

If You're That Way With Them, Says Author-Explorer William Seabrook; and So, on the South Sea Islands, Our Troops Make Friends —the Japs Make Dinners



Etiquette Demands That Papuan Widows Carry Their Husbands' Skulls Around For the Rest of Their Lives.

Fearfully Seabrook Approached the King. But by Demonstrating the Camera's Construction Instead of Snapping It He Won the Cannibal's Friendship.

By WILLIAM SEABROOK,
Explorer, Author of "Jungle Ways," Etc.

WHAT is the real truth about cannibals? We know what they wear in their noses and ears, what they cook in their big iron pots. But what are cannibals really like?

Stories so contradictory that they seem impossible to reconcile keep pouring back to America since our Marines landed in the traditionally cannibal-infested islands of the Pacific. No wonder that folks who have never seen a cannibal—any more than they've ever met a purple cow—are beginning to want the real answers.

For instance, a recent transport brought the horrible, authenticated news of two white traders who had been murdered, slaughtered and eaten in New Guinea. Yet on the same boat were Marines on leave who had "had a swell time" with the same tribes, and had found them so likable, trustworthy and brave that they affectionately called them "our Cannibal Allies!" And they didn't mean it as a wisecrack either.

This attitude of friendly admiration couldn't seem to jell with the gruesome, ugly story of the double murder. At least not until the complete facts from Port Moresby proved that the blood-curdling episode was ugly in two ways, and that not all the ugliness was on the side of the New Guinea cannibals.

According to the report, the first of the two victims, a man named Mowbray, had stolen a handsome girl named Lulo from the thatched village of Salinkolo. The natives hated him for that, and hated him more when they learned he beat and mistreated her when he was drunk.

Into the picture soon came the second white man, a trader named Carlson, who tried to take the girl away from Mowbray. Both men got drunk and fought. Mowbray dragged the cannibal girl home and was beating her with the butt of his rifle, in a drunken frenzy, when she and her kinsmen killed him.

The girl then fled to Carlson who turned on her in a rage and accused her of murdering "his best friend." When he attacked and threatened to kill her, Lulo grabbed a machete and cut off his head.

The tribe meanwhile, being cannibals, had cooked and eaten Mowbray, and would have eaten Carlson too if the police hadn't arrived in time to break up the second feast. The eating was therefore "incidental," and it seems from the reports that Mowbray and Carlson (apart from that post mortem detail) almost deserved what the cannibal girl and her kinsmen had handed them.

Typical New Hebrides Head-Hunter.

Such cases are far from proving that if you treat cannibals honestly and decently, they may not treat you likewise. Indeed, it has been my experience, living long among them, that cannibals appreciate those qualities as much as anybody else, and are usually just as ready to reciprocate.

While living among the Guere cannibals, a proud and powerful tribe on the African West Coast, I encountered many pertinent examples of loyalty to friends, ferocity to enemies. The Guere, respected by the French colonial government, had never been known to harm an honest, fair-dealing white man. They ate only the bodies of native enemies killed in raids and battles. I lived happily and safely among them, protected by their whimsical old king, Mon Po.

But one day they stalked, shot, cooked and ate a white Belgian elephant hunter named Jacques Tellier.

There was a lot of trouble about it, of course. The cannibal cook and a couple of minor witchdoctors were hanged. But the local administrator at Dananne, Monsieur Clouzet, who was very fond of his cannibals because they were loyal warriors, good hunters, "noble savages," confided to me that in his opinion Tellier was a crook, had got just what was coming to crooks.

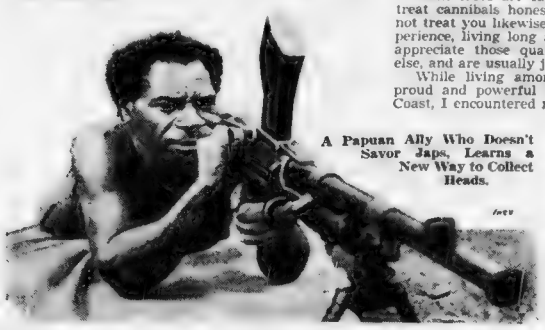
Tellier, it seemed, was a commercial hunter, out for ivory, who had hired three whole villages, native hunters with their womenfolk and families, to be gone into the interior for a year. He had gotten into trouble with white protectorates which forbid killing elephants for ivory; had repudiated his contracts; ill-treated and starved the natives, failed to pay them off. They had pot-shotted him as their only recourse, in accord with their own standards of justice. And they had eaten him because it was their custom to eat slain enemies.

I am not suggesting by any means that every white victim of cannibals has brought his fate on himself. There are bad cannibals, just as there are bad Chicagoans and New Yorkers. But the truth is that cannibals both in Africa and Oceania learned long ago that "white meat" is too expensive to go out butchering at random. There are very few cases any more in which white strangers are devoured, unless they have first been killed for reasons which have nothing to do with their edibility.

So, knowing my cannibals and knowing the Marine Corps' tradition for "straight shooting" in more ways than one, I am not at all surprised at what is happening in the South Pacific. I am not surprised by reports from New Guinea and the Solomons that these terrible tribesmen have been helping tote our wounded heroes, hacking paths for them through jungles, swapping coconuts and bananas for hand grenades—and tossing the latter with savage joy into nests of Japs whom they have always hated.

For cannibals, by jungle standards, or by any other standards save gastronomic, are really "the nicest people"—if you treat them nicely.

The Marines are carrying on, and cashing in on, a tradition for fair dealing with our "Cannibal Allies" which was established many years ago by a French priest. Father Prin, vicar general on the island of Vao, had lived among cannibals and



A Papuan Ally Who Doesn't Savor Japs, Learns a New Way to Collect Heads.

One Step Removed from Cannibalism, These Natives Seem a Bit Puzzled Over Pin-Up Beauties, Preferring Theirs on the Hoof.

loved them for more than 30 years. He had come to the conclusion that except for their one unfortunate gastronomic peculiarity, they were the bravest, finest, most intelligent of all the tribes.

The cannibal, he pointed out, was a warrior, a fighting man, with proud tribal traditions. He was a sort of "jungle aristocrat." Father Prin's movement was jokingly called "The Be Kind to Cannibals Movement." Instead of telling cannibals they were horrible, degenerate criminals because they ate "long pigs," Father Prin approached the problem from a new angle. He gave tinned beef, salt biscuits, sugar and tea.

"This food is better to eat," he said, "tastes better, makes you stronger." And added, as if an afterthought:

"Big Fella God (Great Spirit) says little fella brother not so good for chow."

Father Prin was not naive enough to suppose he had converted his cannibals from occasional cannibalism. But he convinced the tribes that the white man was friendly. And so they became friendly, too.

When I started on safari to the cannibal country in the Ivory Coast hinterland, I had somewhat the same idea. I took heavy trunks crammed with beads, thread, needles, mirrors, trinkets; also several hundred pounds of salt I had been told the Guere lacked that season; hatchets, machetes, tools—useful, substantial, hard to come by in the jungle. I sent runners three days ahead to the court of the cannibal king Mon Po, saying that I came bearing gifts, in friendship, expecting amicable relations.

South Sea Dandy Complete With Safety Pin Earrings.

Our safari was met miles from the king's village, by torchlight, with drummers, guides, trumpeters, porters with palm wine in calabashes. It was a howling jamboree. It was a royal welcome—a curtain-raiser for the formal audience which took place next day.

Mon Po, a fiery little man with a sense of humor, keen as any Tammany politician, received me in full regalia, surrounded by his jungle court. He wore a shining French fireman's helmet (gift of the Ivory Coast's white governor), with a robe of brilliantly dyed leather, red, yellow, green. Beside him sat his witchdoctors wearing great devil-masks. Crowded round were warriors, trumpeters, and drummers with carved drums ten feet tall, all looking noble, fierce and warlike.

What impressed me most was his bodyguard of amazons, women warriors, the first I'd ever seen, magnificent high-breasted girls, in grass skirts, with lances even taller than the drums. I was delighted, honored, said so profusely in Bambara, and presented the king with a case of sweet vermuth, of which I'd been told he was inordinately fond.

What pleased them more than all the gifts and paved the way toward mutual trust was that instead of snapping my camera in the king's or anybody's face, I first took it apart, explained the whole business to Mon Po and his witchdoctors, let them peek through it, handle it, play with it, showed them pictures I'd made of other tribes—finally obtained their amiable permission, indeed their eager willingness, to pose for me any way I desired.

It was common politeness. Nobody likes cameras to be snapped at them by strangers. It's a good idea to be just as polite to cannibals as to Greta Garbo. Furthermore I'd heard the story of a woman fellow-explorer, Mrs. Bessie Thome of Ohio, who had nearly been killed by a similar African tribe, the Kavirondo—all because she'd failed to explain what was in the little black box before she snapped her pictures.

One of the children she'd clicked the camera at screamed, then fell ill, or seemed to. Immediately grown-ups whom she's photographed imagined they were sick, too. The witchdoctors suspected she'd come with evil magic. She escaped death and the cook-pot only by elaborate explanations and apologies, supplemented by eating ceremonial food which they assured her—and they were telling the truth—would do her no harm if she were innocent.

The ceremonies at Mon Po's court, thanks to an establishment of mutual confidence from the start, were always friendly. And some of the feasts were as lavish as any Rhode Island clambake or Carolina barbecue — of which they somewhat reminded me. These were always accompanied by songs, speeches, and imbibings of dolo or banghi, their native beer and wine, made respectively from millet and fermented palm sap.

The Guere gradually taught me tribal traditions.

Boys, as soon as they are weaned, are raised and instructed mostly by the menfolk of the family, since to leave them exclusively to the mothers might make them effeminate, unfit to be warriors, and hence practically become outcasts among their people, who dislike sissies.

The old grandfather sings to the male children, gathered dutifully around him:

To be a chief in battle,
You must be proud and brave.
My body bears many scars,
For I was both.
Once I was proud and brave among the spears;
Now I am old, and happily remember.

Another song which the cannibal youth sing when initiated into the war dances has always lingered in my memory:

Our fathers were men!
Now we do as they taught us.
We follow their steps
And shout as they do
Amid the bright spears—
So as not to forget.

And now, according to the stories which keep piling up concerning similar tribes in the Pacific, traditional cannibal-warriors, who once merely fought each other, are battling on the side of the American Marines, fighting toward the victory for which all decent people work and pray.

Maybe before we've finished making this a safer, happier world for everybody, we'll have a reformed cannibal king at one of our Peace Tables.

Stranger things have happened, and the presence of one like my old friend "Fire Helmet" would certainly contribute to the gaiety, as well as peace, of nations.

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Vegetables grown with Vigoro Victory Garden Fertilizer not only look more appetizing and *taste* better, but produce bigger yields, thus supplying you more needed vitamins. And science says that vegetables grown with a complete plant food contain more important minerals, too. Feed *your* garden Vigoro Victory Garden Fertilizer this year . . . *for sure!* Ask your dealer for it right now

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Naturally, your first and most important gardening effort during the war is to *grow vegetables*. Your Victory Garden is a "must." But don't neglect your lawn and flowers, either.

Probably you, too, have a loved one in the service . . . a boy whose too few leisure hours are spent in dreaming of home. Dreaming of your house, and the neighbors' houses, nestled still in a carpet of velvety green grass. Dreaming of the fragrance of lovely flowers . . . of everything *exactly the way he left it*. Keep it that way for him, and for the home front morale that means so much to our daily war jobs.

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Ah! But Women HAVE Changed!

With the Welding Torch Taking the Place of the Frying Pan, Nelle B. Stull, Authority on Widows and Women, Reveals the New Campaign Methods in the Eternal Battle Between the Sexes

By NELLE B. STULL
Founder of the Widows and Widowers Club of America

THE change in women—in women themselves and in the public attitude toward them—is the most amazing change that has occurred in the 20 years since I founded the Widows and Widowers Club in Elyria, Ohio, to assist in bringing lonely hearts together.

There were only two kinds of women, good and bad, back when I became known as "Queen of the Heart Club; the Woman Who Keeps 100,000 Secrets." And it took only a lipstick to turn any of us into a—shh!—Scarlet Woman, Painted Hussy, etc.

The good ones lived only for marriage. "Permanent wives, not permanent waves" was their motto. To them, baking powder, not face powder constituted the foundation of the substantial American home.

Tears were their most powerful weapon. I have before me one of my own magazine articles of 1927, "Tears, the Obsolete Weapon." In it I point out that it is immoral to sway a man through his emotions.

Today my advice would be, don't cry at him; rage at him. Don't dissolve into self-pity. Tell him just what kind of a brute you think he is, and eventually he will yield.

Love was dangled at the husband like a piece of tempting chocolate candy. "If you're good you'll get it, and if you're not you won't." Sex appeal, as it was then called, was a reliable stand-by for those wives who could not "keep house" or cook, which have always been of extreme importance in marriage.

In several confessions magazines I advised young brides that first and foremost they should learn to cook.

Widows at that time were classed with mice and green worms. Yet a widow had all the advantages of a married woman as well as the privileges of a young girl. Hundreds of books on How to Hold Your Husband, and How to Be Happy Though Married flooded the market.

Nowadays, we see, Ladies, Learn Welding in Six Easy Lessons, or The Complete Woman Machinist—nothing on how to keep secure our femininity.

This is the season when women are in the dough—but not the woman's dough of 20 years ago. Even love has been relegated to secondary place.

Love, to a man, has always been an imaginary disease, brought on by desire, nourished by indifference, aggravated by finances, alleviated by marriage and then cured by divorce. Marriage is not woman's aim now. Gone are the days when a man had to marry a woman to possess her.

A widow's modesty, like her virtue, is only an invention of man. It was medieval poets who put woman on a high pedestal, where she was never really comfortable.

Widows, however, know their onions when it comes to attracting men. So when men demanded the pale, sweet dove in petticoats, modesty had to become our mask. We have never been as modest as we pretended. Formerly, we declined to show our ankles, but today we leave nothing to man's imagination but our last names.

The Victorian widow may have fainted at a too-bold proposal, but she was a woman just the same. In those days, clothing was made mysterious, and drapings were utilized to accent certain portions of our anatomy. So when, 15 years ago, our "flapper" appeared in a few ounces of clothing she confronted us with a mental deficiency as abbreviated as her clothing. It was a confession that sex warfare as well as world warfare was progressive and that women must meet each new campaign with new weapons.

In 1926 I wrote, "Can't you understand why a man, a real man, would not want his wife to work? It hurts his pride, it spoils his feeling of complete ownership, it destroys the male element of protection, and it denies him a well-kept home with meals carefully prepared.

"No, a married woman's place is in the home, for only by being there can she give happiness to her husband."

I suppose at the time, I really meant what I said!

In the same issue, I gave some suggestions to a girl who asked to be advised "on marrying a handsome man, as he was so conceited."

My advice was, "My dear, the most appropriate answer to your query is the answer the old colored woman gave when asked practically the same question. 'Honey,' she said, 'you might as well pick out one that you like his face, 'cause under the skin they is all alike.'"

If Romeo and Juliet lived in these times, they would never be known to history. Juliet would leave home and find herself a job at the first crack her father made against Romeo.

When Romeo finally got around to asking her to marry him they would hop on the subway and go down to the City Hall and get married.

Shakespeare's Juliet was the kind of woman who killed herself for love. Now women kill someone else for love.

How many years has it been since we discussed the double standard? We hear much of the scarcity of man in the world, but we don't hear, as we did in the past, about the necessity of holding a husband.

In those good old days a woman could not go out and earn a living, and a widow's lot was hard if her husband had not provided for her.

The only occupations open to her were to do plain sewing or to take in laundry work.

There is no effort nowadays to hold the husband's love. Women have many ways of making a living if the husband does not make good. Men are no longer looked upon as being superior humans.

We don't see women today with a vacuum in one hand and a confessions magazine in the other. We see them on the graveyard shift with welding torch in one hand and lunchbox in the other. These are the women who formerly were keeping our nation in rompers and feeding it fruit salad.

Nowadays love and marriage, to women, are just a civil contract—not to live together until death do us part, but until we get tired. Marriage in the old days was a bond of service, the foundation of all social and domestic life and of the welfare and happiness of the entire race. That's what it should be now.

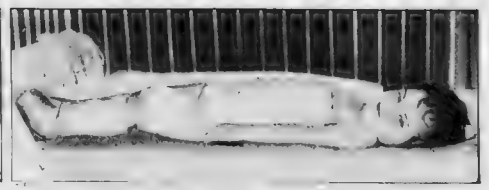
Gone Is the Shy, Sweet Dove in Petticoats, Shackled to Her Masterful Mate; Now It's the Man Who Has to Hold His Lady's Love.

The Widow, Once Classed With Mice and Green Worms, Has Become a Glamorous Mosquito That's Never Satisfied With Just One Sting.

With Women in the Dough (And Not the Dough of 20 Years Ago) All Doors Are Open to Her and It's the Male Who Is Trampled in the Rush for the New Freedom.

Bowing Her Head Until She Touches Her Feet, the Little Patient Goes Through One of the Kenny Treatment Exercises That Is Helping Her to Walk Again.

Both Back and Leg Muscles Are Being Re-educated—After an Attack of Infantile Paralysis—As a Nurse Encourages the Child on Her Road to Health.



Little Legs Are Wrapped in Moist, Hot Packs to Ease Pain and Relax Contracting Muscles; a Refinement of the Early Rags-Dipped-in-Hot-Water Technique.

"God Is MY Doctor" by Sister Elizabeth Kenny

The Real Story of Her Battle Against Infantile Paralysis

The Firm But Gentle Hands Sister Kenny Has Dedicated to the World's Children.

"You've Only a Few Months to Live," the Doctor Told Me. But in a Tiny Chapel a Child's Voice Said, "Please, God, Keep Sister Kenny's Heart Beating." And He Did.

CHAPTER III

"THERE is a destiny," the poet says, "that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will."

Often, standing on a hilltop in the vast and lonely bush country of Australia, or on the roof of a sky-scraper in New York, I have looked up at the sky and decided that the poet was right.

The world, moving in its orbit the sun, the moon, the stars—all are parts of an ordered universe a pattern.

How can one not believe in a Divine Force that really guides and orders our lives provided we give it a chance, of course?

My life has been despaired of often, sometimes by me and sometimes by doctors. But I am still here and my work is still going on. It would be difficult for me not to feel that a Supreme Being ruled it to be so.

Not so long ago I celebrated my 57th birthday. I rose, as always, at 5 o'clock, breakfasted, worked on a medical paper for two hours and then went to the Elizabeth Kenny Institute. I looked in on my 57 patients—one, oddly enough, for each year of my life. Who could ask for a birthday cake with more consoling candles?

I gave several treatments, and as I rubbed the aching little bodies, I told myself:

"Elizabeth Kenny, you are a very fortunate woman. You may have been hit by a few of the slings and arrows, but it is given to few in this world to feel such a deep sense of satisfaction in what you are doing."

At 11 o'clock, I went to the University of Minnesota and delivered a lecture. In the afternoon I worked with the doctors and nurses who are training to be Kenny technicians. I dined, worked two hours more on my paper, read from the Bible and went to bed at 10 p. m.

It was a full day. But so are they all at the Institute, now just a little over a year old. They are days filled not only with work, but also with constant examples of the miracles wrought by patience, skill and faith.

Yet I agree that, faced with the senselessness and brutality of war, it is often hard to have faith—particularly hard for one who heals.

I saw one war first hand as a nurse with the British Army.

That first World War took four good years out of my life—years that should have been spent with my children. When it started, I had only begun my fight to convince the medical world that my concept of infantile paralysis and my treatment for it were the right ones. But my children who should have "mounted with wings as eagles and run and not been weary" are hopeless cripples, doomed to walk, if at all, in medieval contraptions of wood and steel.

The end shaping destiny that put me into uniform also brought me out of it alive and comparatively unharmed by four years of hardship and danger.

Early in the war, I was struck by shrapnel. But the wound was slight, and left only an occasional twinge in one leg as a memento.

The last years of the war I spent on "dark ships" between England and Australia. A "dark ship" was a merchant vessel manned by the merchant marine and carrying, besides the sick and wounded, munitions of war and combat officers and men. A 4.9 gun was mounted at the stern. That, of course, made us open game for the enemy.

I made 12 trips between Europe and my homeland. I have been told that I spent more time on "dark ships" in danger zones than any other woman in the world. Somehow, for some good reason, I came through safely.

People said we nurses were brave, and perhaps we were. I think that often, however, it was a sense of fatalism that made us disregard danger.

I remember one incident that demonstrates my point. On this particular trip we had been ordered to wear our military red capes on any occasion that seemed outstanding. When an officer rushed down to our quarters and announced that an enemy submarine was off our port bow, we were more startled than frightened. Then one of the wittier nurses trotted out a full complement of red capes and insisted that we put them on.

"This, girls, is really an occasion," she said.

More officers came down to "rescue" us and found us laughing so hard they thought we were hysterical. They couldn't understand it.

There was no torpedo that time. Neither was there one another time near Liverpool—for us. It hit the Mauretania, an adjacent transport, and all 800 aboard were lost.

I remember a fire aboard the Themistocles in 1917. We were carrying, besides a hospital bay full of wounded, a cargo of explosives to Africa. The fire burned for a week, yet the Themistocles was able to limp back to port without an explosion. Call it chance, or luck, or what you will. I have another explanation.

I remember another strange and almost unbelievable experience.

My ship was plowing south through a dark, uneasy sea, carrying its cargo of wounded, pain-wracked men back to the land for which they had offered their lives. It was in October 1918, and the war, though we didn't know it, was nearly over.

Three men lay close to death in the crowded wards below when I went off duty at ten o'clock that night. The nurse who took my place looked wan and tired. I offered to stay on but she would have none of it, so I repaired to my cabin.

Perhaps I was asleep. I don't know. I remember insistent fingers touching my shoulder, plucking at my sleeve. I opened my eyes.

I could see there was no one near my cot.

But in the doorway stood the figure of a child. She was dressed in the garb of a nun and her eyes were filled with a desperate appeal.

"I'm overwrought," I thought. "This is nonsense. There's no child aboard ship—certainly no child dressed as this one was." So I turned my face to the wall.

A moment passed. Again the plucking at my sleeve—again the pleading face in the doorway.

I sat up and the child vanished.

My common sense told me that what I needed was sleep, that overwork had brought with it hallucinations. But instead of lying down again I rose and groped my way down the dark passageway to the ward. My mind was haunted by that vision, and sleep was out of the question.

As I came through the door I heard a voice whispering, "Padre. Mother."

The nurse lay unconscious on the floor. She had fainted from exhaustion and seasickness. One of the men was gasping out those two words, "Padre. Mother!"

I ran to his bedside and bent low. In his right hand he clutched a small bag. I took it from him, knowing what he wished. In it was his identification disk which said he was a Catholic. At once I called an orderly and sent for the priest, the "Padre."

There was nothing else I could do. Before dawn he was dead and later on that day his broken body slipped into the sea.

That memory of that ghostly child's figure, appearing in the dead of night to summon me to the bedside of the dying man, troubled me for weeks. It was not until I reached Australia that there was any sort of explanation. I sent a tiny package containing the few pitiful possessions of the dead soldier to his mother and presently there came a reply.

"Thank you, my dear," she wrote. "He was our only child and we had hoped to have him back again. We thought that here he would grow strong and well again. We had one other child, a little girl of 13. But she died two years ago."

All right. Call it a dream, or a hallucination. But as Hamlet said: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

HERE is another story that may help explain why I say God is my doctor.

There was a time in 1920 when a heart specialist pronounced my death sentence. "A lesion," he said. "Overwork. A few months, perhaps. Not more."

I was in my beloved Australia then. I had just started my fight. In all the world there was one doctor, my friend, Dr. McDonnell, who really believed my concept of poliomyelitis was the true one.

It would not have done for me to die then. And I didn't. I went on a trip, and when I came back I was ready for more work.

A few years later I felt my heart falter again. For two long weeks I lay struggling for breath, convinced that each one would be my last.

There was a little girl named Monica Clark whom I had treated successfully for infantile paralysis. When she heard I was ill she went to the nuns' chapel of St. Patrick's convent in Townsville and knelt before the altar. One of the nuns found her there.

"I am praying for Sister Kenny," Monica said. "I don't want her to die. I am asking God to keep her heart beating."

He did. And, again, I recovered.

I believed that my coming to America was part of my destiny. For nearly 30 years I fought in my own country for recognition. Then, just when victory seemed within reach, another war came along to disrupt all new medical organizations in Australia.

IN 1939, with my country mobilizing all its men to fight the Nazis, I knew that my work in Australia must wait. So I turned my face to America.

Here, as in Australia and England, doors at first were slammed in my face. Some doctors said I was a menace, that my methods were harmful.

I am not surprised. I had expected it. After nearly 30 years I had come to look on such receptions as my lot.

But this time I found that within four years I had accomplished more than in all those bitter years that had gone before.

Doors were suddenly opened. Men who had condemned me not only retracted their words but sang my praise. Men who had been putting little bodies in splints and casts threw the devices away. Men who had turned their backs came to my classes at the University of Minnesota to listen, not to argue or condemn.

When I came to America there was no institute. There was not one Kenny clinic in the United States. Now on the wall of my office there is a map of the country—a map studded with hundreds of red and blue pins marking the spots where there are Kenny technicians and where the treatments are being given. I look at the map proudly. Four years! The goal is nearer. But still not attained.

Was it chance or luck that brought me here? I say no.

I believe it was the same Power that, 33 years ago in a humble cottage in the Australia bush, opened my eyes to the true concept of infantile paralysis, and showed me a treatment for it. I also believe that my life will have run its course only when I have made that treatment available to all.

In the next instalment of "God Is My Doctor," Sister Kenny tells of a development in the diagnosis of infantile paralysis which she believes is even more important than the original discovery of her method of treatment.

Nurses and Doctors Who Once Condemned Her Now Attend Classes to Learn How to Carry Out Her Treatment.

Tragic Secret in the Countess' Locked-Up Mind?

IN A HOSPITAL court in New York's famed Bellevue the other day, a Supreme Court Justice peered over the bench at the woman on whom he sat in judgment. He listened to the testimony of the psychiatrists and neurologists. He pondered the record. His task was to decide the sanity of the woman, a victim of a traffic accident on Manhattan's smart East Side.

There could be only one choice, for the woman's mind was hopelessly topsy-turvy as a result of a fractured skull. So he committed Mrs. Claudia (Vava) Johnson, daughter of a diplomat at the court of the czars during the days of Imperial Russia, to Manhattan State Hospital, an institution maintained for the insane.

And with her he committed the secret of the slaying of her young daughter and the mysterious disappearance of her husband.

She—and probably she alone—held the key to the puzzle. Not that she—of her knowledge—had anything to do with either. Not that she even knew her child was dead, or her husband missing. For the accident had robbed her of her reason before more tragedy crashed around her life. But officials felt there was reason to believe that, if rational, she might be able to explain.

In Halifax Harbor Divers Found the Body of Little Nadia. And Left—Her Mother, Who Holds the Key to How She Came There.

Ten-Year-Old Nadia Johnson's Death Has Provided Canada With One of Its Strangest Mysteries.

Galloway Photo

Bleak Halifax Harbor Where Royal Navy Divers, Hunting for the Proverbial Needle in a Haystack, Made Their Pitiful Find.

Let's backtrack a bit. Vava, as she was known to her intimates, was born in the Crimea of good family. Her father was in the diplomatic service of Nicholas II and soon she was moving around the capitals of Europe. She grew up in the gay atmosphere of Paris, Vienna, London, Athens, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

Vava learned to speak almost a dozen languages, among them Russian, Polish, English, French, Italian, German, Greek and Czechoslovakian. She dined with the cocktail-and-caviar set of continental society, danced to an obligato of royal intrigue, and played the gambits on the political chessboard. She early became an international glamour girl.

With such surroundings, it followed that she was a catch. It didn't take long for her to be caught. She was scarcely out of her teens when she was married to Count de Paris Gumeneck, a Polish nobleman. A son was born to them. Then came the shot at Sarajevo that fired the powder keg of 1914 and brought war.

Early in the war, Vava's husband was killed. In the Russian revolution of 1917 her father's fortune was swept away. Vava had been a favorite in royal circles; now she was an enemy of the proletariat. She fled for her life and took refuge in Germany. But without funds. To earn bread and shelter she began to wash dishes. Then she sang and danced in a Berlin cabaret.

Vava belonged to the diplomatic set. That was her heritage and her life. When order evolved out of the Bolshevist upheaval she returned to Russia. There she met and soon married Comdr. F. M. Johnson of the Royal Navy, who then was attached to the British Embassy at Moscow.

Commander Johnson's duties took him all over the world. Vava went with him—to China, India, the West Indies. By last year they were at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he was stationed as paymaster for the Royal Navy. Her son of her first marriage was Lieut. George Piers-Johnson of the British Army. She and the commander had a daughter, Nadia, 10.

Last Thanksgiving, Vava was in New York as a volunteer with Bundles for Britain. She was crossing a heavily traveled artery in mid-Manhattan when a speeding hit-run truck-driver knocked her unconscious.

Commander Johnson hurried to New York and was at his wife's bedside whenever the doctors would permit during the next four days.

Then he took a plane back to Halifax. The day of his arrival was the last time he was seen. And on that occasion he was with his golden-haired daughter, Nadia.

Halifax police began a search when Johnson's fellow officers wondered why he was not at his post. At his home they found footprints leading to the boathouse. Blood stained the ground at the water's edge.

In the Johnson house the investigators discovered a note. It said: "This is finis for me and mine."

Next day, in New York, Comdr. E. A. Wills, U. S. N. retired, whom Johnson met 25 years ago at Constantinople (now Istanbul), received a letter from him. It was written in the language of despair, mourning the injury that befell his "treasure beyond price"—a loss so tremendous "that there is no way whatsoever of achieving repair—definitely no way whatsoever."

Significantly, Commander Johnson wrote: "I never held my own end of things too well. Now I let go, taking, in instantaneous departure, the small one with me."

In Halifax, the Royal Navy got busy. Diving equipment was assembled on the shore near Marlboro Wood, where the Johnsons lived. Divers and equipment were lowered below the surface.

At 20 feet they touched the muddy bed. They sloshed through muck, over rocks and discarded boots, past skittish mackerel and perch, beyond water-logged timber. Then they found golden-haired Nadia. Her body was caught on a dead tree.

Doctors made an autopsy. They found wounds on her skull, as though made with knife or icepick, and injuries on her back. Dr. F. V. Woodbury, medical examiner, gave it as his opinion that she was not yet dead when she was cast into the water.

"Her lungs were filled with an exceptional amount of water," he said, "indicating she was still alive when she hit the water, and also that she had put up a struggle in the water."

The divers carried on, seeking the body of the child's father. They went to lower depths and worked farther from shore. Their hunt was in vain. There has been no trace of Johnson since the day he reached Halifax from his wife's bedside in New York.

Now, by court order, Vava is confined as a mental patient. She cannot tell what Johnson said he might do if ever anything happened to her—what he whispered as he knelt at her sickbed. Today she lives in another world, and the secret is there with her.

WYOMING...As a young nation, America had its growing pains. Among Wyoming's early settlers were quick-trigger men who took the easy way of gaining wealth or settling disputes. But the majority earned their livelihood by the sweat of their brows. They believed that only through hard work—individual enterprise—could they acquire their just share of the world's goods.

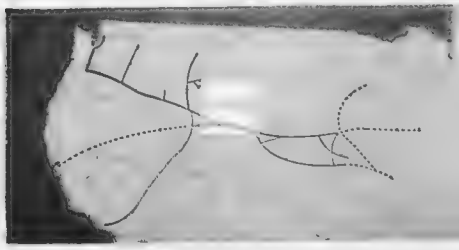
In 1869, a committee on territorial affairs selected, as the Wyoming Territory's official motto, "Let Arms yield to the Gown" to express the law-abiding citizens' determination to replace force of arms by legal procedure.

Gun play gave way to fair play. Cattlemen, sheep raisers, farmers and miners developed Wyoming's abundant resources. Union Pacific aided that development by providing the means for nation-wide marketing of the state's products. Today, thousands of carloads of those products are shipped over "the strategic middle route" to supply our home front workers and armed forces.

Throughout the history of Wyoming—and of Union Pacific—the doctrine of individual enterprise, of equal opportunity, has been a sign-post pointing the way to success for all who have the willingness to work . . . who have faith in America's future, a future when, once again, *arms will yield to the gown* and the thunder of guns give way to paens of victory and peace.

★ *Wyoming is one of the 11 western states served by the Union Pacific Railroad. Subsequent advertisements of this series will feature other states.*

Listen to "YOUR AMERICA" on NBC Network every Saturday at 5 pm EWT.



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If you have to live with freckles, make it as pleasant as possible... by bleaching them down with Othine. Some people can fade them away completely, for a time. Easy to use; simply apply this dainty cream before retiring. Caution: Use only as directed. Try this 35 year-old product; money back if not satisfied. At your drug counter

OTHINE Face Bleach

Making Movies For Divers Only

The "Hero" of This Underwater Scene Is a Navy Diver Demonstrating the Right Way to Adjust the Air Valve Which Supplies Him With Oxygen.

THE theatre-going public probably never will have a look at four movies that anybody would get a kick out of. The directors, actors and cameramen behind these exciting films are all Navy men—and the audience for their artistry will be the hundreds of students who are learning the dangerous and important business of deep-sea diving.

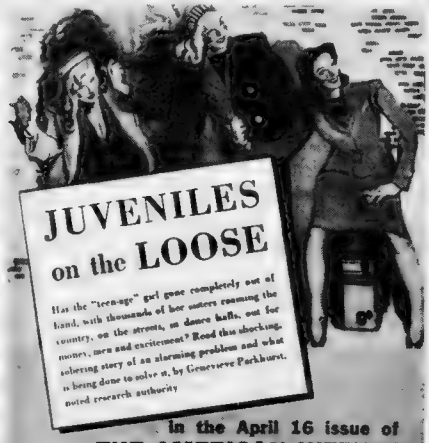
The Navy, like the Army, has discovered the truth of the old saying that a good picture is worth a million words. One short movie can teach more about the technique of essential war jobs than a dozen books. And the men learn much faster.

The movies made especially for budding young divers were not filmed, as might be suspected, at the bottom of the deep, blue sea. They were shot at the bottom of a crystal-clear pool at Silver Springs, Florida. Hollywood has made dozens of pictures in the same spot.

After a careful study of the four Navy movies—and with the benefit of a running explanation of just what the "actors" are up to a student diver is ready to go to work. He knows the right way to get into his goggle-eyed outfit, what every part of it is for and how it functions. And he actually sees how a diver travels far below the surface of the sea and the trick of using tools in a liquid medium many times "thicker" than air.

In the picture above a veteran diver is demonstrating the proper way to adjust the valve that gives the man at the bottom just the right amount of oxygen. The Navy camera crew, literally stripped for action, is taking a close-up of the diver.

Billions of dollars worth of ships and cargoes lie at the bottom of the Seven Seas, and it will take many years and a lot of trained men to salvage this sunken treasure. The movies being made at Silver Springs without stars or ballyhoo will play a big part in this dangerous and dramatic undertaking.


JUVENILES on the LOOSE
Has the "teen-age" girl gone completely out of hand, with thousands of her sisters roaming the country, on the streets, in dance halls, out for money, men and excitement? Read this shocking, sobering story of an alarming problem and what is being done to solve it, by Genevieve Parkhurst, noted research authority
in the April 16 issue of
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

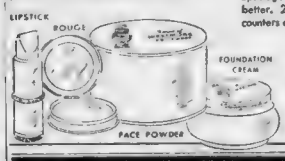
Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

Maureen O'Hara
in the 20th Century Fox Picture
"BUFFALO BILL"

Perc Westmore, Hollywood's Famous Make-up Genius

The Westmores — Perc, Wally and Bud — not only make up the Hollywood stars but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream.

House of Westmore offers the perfect make-up. It gives you a lovely, attractive beauty — goes on smoothly and really stays on. You will like the fine texture and fashionable shades of Westmore Make-up. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better. 25¢ and 50¢ at toilet goods counters everywhere.



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Conserve fabrics and save money! Millions of women do *both* with ALL-FABRIC Tintex. Faded dresses, curtains, etc., become like new. And no matter what the material—because Tintex dyes *every* fabric *without exception* to perfection. Easy, quick! Buy ALL-FABRIC Tintex in the same, familiar Gray Box at drug, dept., 10¢ stores. ONLY 10¢ and 15¢ a package!

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Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then soothe and refresh them the quick, easy way—use Murine. Just two drops in each eye. Right away Murine goes to work to relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle — and oh, so soothing! Start using Murine today.

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SAY GOODBYE TO THAT CORN!

How to get instant relief from painful pressure and remove corn

Would you like to say goodbye to that corn? Then stop home-paring; *that* "shaves off" the top, leaves the core behind in your toe! Instead, use Blue-Jay. It does 2 things: the soft pad gives instant relief from pressure pain; the Blue-Jay medication loosens the corn so it can be easily removed—*including the core.* Get Blue-Jay at any drug or toilet goods counter today!

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Has a City All to Himself

The 67-Year-Old "Mayor" of What's Left of Silver City Is America's Most Exclusive Citizen—He Has the Town All to Himself.

THE town of Silver City, Idaho, recently lost half of its population overnight when 71-year-old Carl Johnson packed his bags and moved out.

"It's too dern lonely and spooky," he explained. "I can't stand it any longer. So I'm blowin' town."

Johnson's decision to quit the place leaves 67-year-old William Hawes—the other half of the population—as the lone resident, and puts him in a class by himself as America's most exclusive citizen.

Hawes, who assumed the title of "Mayor of Silver City," has been around the Idaho town a long time—long enough to see it change from a roaring camp of 10,000 population to a one-man hamlet.

Despite Johnson's departure, Police Chief Hawes (he's that, too) is going to stay right on. He's firmly convinced that Silver City, a boom town of the early 1900's, will some day make a smashing comeback.

Silver City's Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce (that's Hawes again) is a kind of cracker-barrel philosopher. He reckons he'll be "settin' purty when the new boom comes."

At the turn of the century, the Idaho community was a typical wide-open Western [illegible] town. The place started to lose its appeal in 1910 when the mighty "Trade Dollar Mine" closed. Since then the population has steadily dwindled. Johnson's recent departure marking the next to the last inhabitant to leave.

In its time, the settlement was one of the most important in the West, and historical records credit its near-by gold and silver mines with saving the United States from a financial collapse after the ravages of the Civil War.

Today the town consists of nothing but row after row of deserted buildings—and the optimistic Hawes.

"Some day Silver City will boom again," he enthusiastically tells all visitors. "I know these hills like a book and have some likely spots marked. There's still a lot of possibilities for this country."

Unlike Johnson, Hawes isn't lonely. In summer he contentedly prospects for silver in the near-by hills, and in the winter he tinkers with an automobile he started building seven years ago—a "bug" fashioned along the lines of a 1915 racing car, and powered by a 16-horsepower motorcycle engine.

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR
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The true life stories, the scientific, philosophic and historical articles in The American Weekly magazine thrill more than 22,500,000 readers every week.

Smile, *Plain Girl,* Smile!

Let your smile win you friends and happiness. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HEART, plain girl—and *smile!* The popular girl isn't always the best-looking one. Charm and personality takes as many bouquets as beauty—and a bright, flashing, heart-winning smile can be your talisman to charm.

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For that kind of a smile you need bright, sparkling teeth. But remember, sparkling teeth depend so largely on *firm, healthy gums.*

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If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by soft foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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The Gang's All Here—Again

By J. Edgar Hoover and Frederick L. Collins

Some Old Rackets of the Dry Era Have Been Resurrected by Scarcities, J. Edgar Hoover Discloses and in Plain Words Tells Us What We and the FBI Are Up Against

The Heedless Mother, a Gay Butterfly of the Juke Joint Set, Made No Attempt to Conceal Her Purpose From Her Befuddled Husband and Seemed Vastly Amused at Her 4-Year-Old Toddler's Attempts to Ape His Elders.

No. 5—What Is the War Doing to Women?

OBVIOUSLY, the war is bringing out the very best in thousands, millions of American women, not only those who are laboring valiantly in war production, the volunteer services and the armed forces, but those who are laboring no less valiantly at home under discouraging disrupted conditions.

But have you visited some of the roadside taverns since the war began?

It is no part of the duty of the Federal Bureau of Investigation to police these places. Local law enforcement organizations perform this often difficult office.

It is part of our duty, however, to keep ourselves informed as to conditions existing in such establishments, because we have learned from our experience during the years following the first World War that these places are frequently the breeding nests of crime—especially crime in which girls and women are involved.

Many of the so-called "molls" of Gang Era I came out of these places. There they met up with their opposite numbers, the predatory males who lived beyond the law, and followed them eagerly into a life of crime.

It is customary in this chivalrous country to think of these women as more sinned against than sinning. Public prosecutors, acting on this theory, often dismiss cases against women criminals on the familiar ground of "insufficient evidence," and even solemn judges are apt to let them off with a suspended sentence, which is known to the underworld as "a slap on the wrist."

Actually, few women criminals deserve more sympathy than men, and many of them become actual instigators of crime and behind-the-scenes manipulators of criminal operations.

We of the FBI do not wish to seem ungallant, but we remember Kathryn Kelly, wife of Machine Gun Kelly, who was not only the real "brain" behind the Urschel kidnaping, but who so bullied her killer husband that he was demoted, by the unanimous consent of those who knew the Kellys well, from the title he so proudly claimed to that of Pop Gun George; and Ma Barker, who gave four sons for her country's shame and was probably the most resourceful mind of the whole gangster era; and Alvin Karpis's Dolores Delaney, and John Dillinger's Evelyn Frechette, and Baby Face Nelson's Helen Gillis; and hundreds of other female aiders and abettors of organized crime.

And even if our memories were shorter, our eyesight would need to be shorter still if we did not see that a condition similar to that which bred most of these women bandits and harborers of bandits is again threatening us, and, in part, from the same source—drink-and-dance taverns of the lowest class.

Before us, as we write these words, is a report on one such place which is typical of many in our files. It tells the story of a visit made by our investigators to a tavern 11 miles outside of a mid-western city between the hours of 12:15 and 1:15 A. M.

The structure is little better than a shack, the ventilation atrocious, the means of fire exit noticeably lacking. Entrance is through a barroom into a small dancing and drinking room, where what passes for music is provided for the dancers from a never-silent juke box.

At the time of the visit the place was crowded and extremely noisy. The bartender, however, complained that business was light, that this was, in fact, a very dull night. About 75 persons of both sexes sat about at tables and inside the wall booths drinking, or danced in close formation on the tiny dance floor.

Among the patrons were two small girls of grade school age who were apparently very sleepy or very intoxicated or both. Many of the men and some of the women, including several couples on the dance floor, were obviously and blatantly

"Baby Face" Nelson, Terror of Gang Era I, and His "Moll," Helen Gillis.

Hungry, Cold, Frightened, These Babies Were Left All Night While Their Parents "Went to the Movies."

drunk. Two presumably married pairs were accompanied by babies less than one year old.

One couple had with them a small boy, four years old, who toddled from one table to another visiting patrons both sober and drunk. His father sat at one of the tables holding a sleepy baby—this was after midnight, mind you!—and drinking beer which he shared from time to time with the four-year-old.

The wife and mother spent very little time at the family table. She was busy visiting with other men patrons, some of them very drunk, and on several occasions she went outside the tavern for a few minutes with some of these men.

This is, as we have said, not an unusual case. Backed by hundreds of other equally cogent examples, which could be given if space allowed, it shows that moral delinquency among a certain class of married women—often tolerated and perhaps encouraged as in this case by complacent husbands who profit by that delinquency—is, in this wartime period, nothing less than rampant.

In the Bureau's Uniform Crime Reports for the United States and Its Possessions, based on information gathered from communities totaling more than 60,000,000 population, the fingerprint cards of arrested women, both married and unmarried, increased 21.7 per cent in 1942 over 1941, and in 1943 increased another 12.5 per cent over the same months in 1942.

That a large fraction of these arrests of women are of girls 21 years or under has received wide publicity, and should. The number of these girls arrested in 1942 increased 55.7 per cent, and the number arrested in 1943 for offenses against common decency (drunkenness, vagrancy, disorderly conduct, prostitution and other sex crimes) was up another 56.9 per cent.

But not all of these young women who have tangled with the law are children.

Many girls under 21 are wives, mothers; many are high school seniors, college students; many others are wage-earners, mature and experienced workers; and still others, who do not appear in these under-21 figures, are mothers of those who do, and who must, in some measure at least, be held responsible for their daughters' conduct.

About the last-mentioned class we at the Bureau are naturally the most concerned. From a law enforcement standpoint they hold a double menace; their own delinquencies and those of their children.

On the desk, as these words are written, lie reports taken at random from the Bureau's files of 100 recent delinquency cases, usually and quite inadequately called "juvenile." An analysis of these 100 reports, though enlightening, actually is frightening.

Almost all of the children involved come from homes broken by divorce and complicated by remarriage. Obviously it would be unfair to blame the mothers wholly or even chiefly for this situation, but, quite aside from this recurring factor, investigation revealed the following facts which concerned directly the mothers of the children involved:

One mother, although she and the father were both profitably employed, refused on demand to support her child.

One mother knowingly consented to the employment of her young son in hours after midnight.

Two mothers vented tempers on their children.

Two mothers habitually beat their offspring.

Two mothers consented to their children's crimes.

Two mothers openly assisted them.

Two mothers nagged their children into revolt.

Four mothers deserted their families.

Four mothers were drunkards.

Twelve mothers, war workers with husbands employed, left their children alone all day.

Sixteen mothers were sexually immoral.

Twenty-six mothers made no pretense of supervising their children's activities.

THE menace to the public weal which lies in the irresponsibility and often criminal negligence of many wartime mothers does not stop with their own delinquencies or those of their older children.

How about that four-year-old toddler who seems doomed to spend his formative years in an atmosphere of drunkenness and vice, while his mother plies her evil trade under his father's complacent eyes?

And how about those sleepy one-year-old babies, deprived of the rest upon which their future strength depends, their lungs filled with the midnight stench of stale liquor and tobacco and foul-smelling, foul-breathing adults?

What will be the mental and moral effects of such callous failure to perform ordinary parental duties, to observe ordinary parental decency?

These are not only not unusual cases but, although it is hard to believe, they are not extreme ones. Let us look at one case in an Eastern seacoast city, which, while extreme in some of its phases, is by no means unique:

The local authorities received complaints that children in a certain apartment were crying and apparently unattended. When the officers arrived, they found George, aged 5½ months, lying in a dirty crib with large bedsores on his back and blisters between his legs; Ruth, aged 23 months, tied to her bed by a black webbed belt wound around her stomach; and Mary, a child of 3, tied in the same manner to a bedstead by a sash cord.

The bed to which this three-year-old was tied stood near a window, through which she had crawled to an open porch. All three children were unbelievably dirty. All three were nude.

The parents in this case said that they had gone to the movies, insisted that they couldn't be expected to stay home all the time, and they showed little concern over the condition of the three children.

The father was a truck driver, who made frequent overnight trips, and the mother, according to the statements of some neighbors, sometimes left the children alone and generally failed to give them the proper care that children of their ages should have.

Here, obviously, is an all-too-prevalent situation in which males can claim no exemption from blame, but in which women are directly, sometimes primarily, concerned.

In this discussion we have confined ourselves to forms of delinquency which, in the quaint nomenclature of criminology, are sometimes called "normal."

Of course, they aren't that—but we'll let it go. The point is that we of law enforcement cannot blind our eyes to the fact that the "abnormal" also does exist and that, in this matter of what the war is doing to some women, it is a factor which, like it or not, no self-respecting citizen should ignore.

In the name of the law-abiding wives and mothers and sisters and sweethearts of the men in the armed forces, and of the 16,000,000 fine American women and girls, who are working daily and nightly in war production plants to the end that the American way of life may go on, we believe we should all demand that the sort of thing we have been discussing does not go on.

And how can we stop it?

Well, the Church can do much. So can welfare agencies, properly supported. Law enforcement will do its part. So, to a degree, will the gradual return of peacetime living conditions.

But morality, especially the variety which is most menaced among women at this time, is a very personal thing.

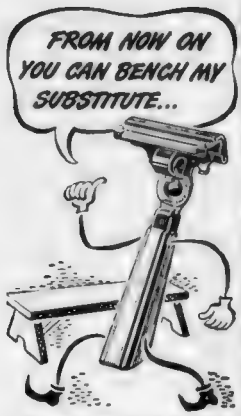
In the last analysis, its restoration in the post-war period will depend on the individual woman herself, whose first duty in the emergency is—like that of every one of us, man or woman—to take herself in hand and say, and mean:

"Behave yourself!"

JUVENILES ON THE LOOSE
By Genevieve Parkhurst

Next week the first of a new series of articles by Miss Parkhurst will tell of the juvenile delinquency rise in many parts of the country, and what is urgently needed to correct this deplorable situation.

"Machine Gun" Kelly Became Plain "Pop Gun" George Under the Dominance of Kathryn, His Wife and "Brain."



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No more need to get along with less-than-perfect shaves. You can take your favorite razor down off the shelf and give your face a long-missed shaving treat. Those keen Schick Blades are back *in force.*

Yes, they're back ready to be teamed up with the razor that has brought shaving comfort to millions. And we're happy to say that we're meeting all demands for these blades—both military and civilian! Now, you can rediscover these Schick Injector features—the only basic improvements in safety razor design in over 40 years!

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

...an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.

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...has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.

DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

...just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.

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Each capsule contains not less than
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Ever-Ready Oil 10¢

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New FOOT RELIEF

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX —soft, flesh color foot plaster. Gives quick relief when used on corns, callouses, bunions and tender toes. Cushions sensitive spots. Prevents blisters, instep ridges, chafed heels. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores.

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX

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Loose drawer pulls can be quickly and easily reset with PLASTIC WOOD. Handles like putty, hardens into wood. At Paint, Hdwe., and 10¢ Stores.

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Banish odor this pleasant easy way

Why endure the strong-smelling soaps when a daily bath with fragrant, mildly medicated Cuticura Soap leaves you feeling wonderfully clean and confident! Finish with borated Cuticura Talcum to absorb perspiration; guard against offending. FREE Talcum sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-34, Malden, Mass.

A Real-Life Cinderella

NINETEEN-YEAR OLD Philomena Simmons wasn't surprised by a fairy godmother who made her a coach out of a pumpkin and turned her rags into an ensemble fit for a princess. But something extraordinary has happened to her which has people all over the British Isles calling her Cinderella.

The other day she was just plain "Phil" Simmons, the daughter of a tenant on the sprawling estates of Sir Cuthbert de Houghton. Today she's Lady de Houghton, mistress of Houghton Towers and a relative, by marriage, of the celebrated Lady Godiva.

There's just one catch to her Cinderella role—her Prince Charming is old enough to be her grandfather. He was 63 on his last birthday. But he's a nice guy and unusually chipper for a man of his age.

When She Married the Venerable Nobleman, the 19-Year-Old Farmer's Daughter Became Mistress of an Ancient English Castle.

For some time, it seems, the bright and observing eye of Sir Cuthbert has been aware of the fresh, young charm of his tenant's daughter. It might almost be said that he had the girl earmarked for her real-life Cinderella role.

He wasn't sure she'd say "yes" because of the great difference in their ages. But he went a-courtin' and his romantic antics were crowned with success.

The wedding was an event. Papers all over the British Empire wrote it up—not because it was "doggy," but because it was a notable demonstration of democracy.

The setting was a little chapel in Preston. The bride wore a simple wool dress and was given away by her brother, a clerk in a coal mine. The bridegroom had on a blue business suit. Most of the guests were farmers, miners and tradespeople. A few bluebloods were scattered through the gathering of commoners.

At a small reception after the ceremony Sir Cuthbert talked with the boys from the newspapers. "I am proud of being a Tory democrat," he said, "and I see no reason why a marriage of this character should not take place. My grandfather married a kitchen maid—to the great benefit and pleasure of all concerned."

"Who said food rationing would help my figure?"

Food rationing alone can't keep you slim
And exercises won't help very much
So when you're overweight and under-par
Try the simple Ry-Krisp reducing plan

New Reducing Book Free!

Any normal person can lose excess weight
Using the plan in the new Ry-Krisp book
Which gives low-point menus and recipes
For delicious all-family meals.

For new book with complete reducing plan, write Ry-Krisp, 21 Checkerboard Sq., St. Louis 2, Mo.

LOW-POINT LOW-CALORIE MEAL PLANNER

TRY THIS!

Baked spareribs topped with onion slices, served with mixed left-over vegetables and toasted Ry-Krisp. Delicious. Wholesome. Other meal ideas and low-point recipes in the Ry-Krisp book. Send for it today and start to enjoy delicious Ry-Krisp whole grain bread at every meal. Helps tone you up... has the minerals and just about all the vitamin B1 of whole rye. Only 23 calories in a slice.

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"But, Elmer—all the answers in the book can't be wrong!"

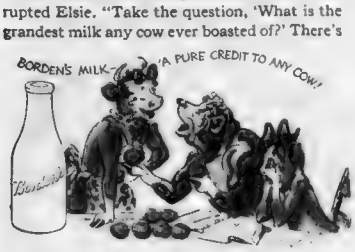
ELMER THE BULL, glared at Beulah's arithmetic book and the world in general.

"Madam," he snapped, turning to Elsie, the Borden Cow, "you handle the house-work and I'll take care of the mathematics. The answers in the book *are* wrong and I can prove it. See—not one of them is the same as mine."

"That's just what you said the last time you helped me with my homework," whimpered little Beulah. "And the teacher gave me a zero."

"Your teacher was just being narrow-minded!" bellowed Elmer. "After all, there are two sides to every question."

"But there aren't always two answers," interrupted Elsie. "Take the question, 'What is the grandest milk any cow ever boasted of?' There's



just one answer to that question and the answer is *Borden's!* The way those Borden inspectors fuss over us cows, every drop just naturally has to be pure, creamy, and wholesome."

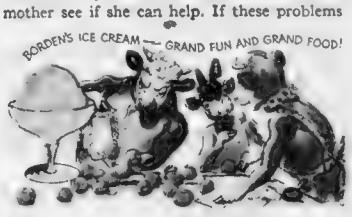
"Humpf," grunted Elmer, "I thought we were discussing figures."

"Speaking of figures," beamed Elsie, "you'd be astonished if I showed you the figures on the number of people who enjoy *Borden's Hemo*—

the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. Hemo, you see, tastes better than the best malted milk and every glass is almost a lunch in itself."

"Boohoo," sobbed Beulah, "all you do is talk about things to eat and nobody helps me with my homework!"

"Don't cry, dear," comforted Elsie. "Let mother see if she can help. If these problems



were only on how to serve a grand dessert chockfull of milk nourishment. I'd always have the right answer—*Borden's Ice Cream and Sherbets*. They're splendid foods to cheer you up, they're treats that never let you down."

"But my problem is that I have 20 apples," sniffed Beulah, wiping away her tears. "What can I do with 20 apples?"

"Goodness, Beulah, I'm surprised at you," rebuked Elsie. "Every one of those 20 apples would be a welcome treat in anybody's lunch box. Almost as big a treat as sandwiches made with creamy, butter-rich *Borden's Wej-Cut Cream Cheese*. Wej-Cut is only one member of a large

family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses* and—"

"And Beulah still has 20 apples and the rest of her homework to do," finished Elmer sarcastically. "Read the rest of the problem: she gives half the apples to Henry and one fourth of the apples to John. How many doctors can she keep away with the rest?"

"Why should our daughter want to keep away from doctors?" asked Elsie. "I think doctors are nice. Why, any number of doctors approve my *Borden's Evaporated Milk* for feeding tiny

babies. It's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D, you know. Of course you don't *have* to be a baby to enjoy Borden's Evaporated Milk—it makes perfectly scrumptious creamed soups and mashed potatoes for grown-ups, too."

"That isn't the answer in the book, mommy," said little Beulah anxiously. "Don't you know any more about arithmetic than daddy does?"

"I don't think I could know any less," said Elsie thoughtfully. "But perhaps we'd better not go into that. Suppose you try your best to solve those problems yourself. And if you still can't get the right answer—well, you might try giving the apples to teacher!"

ELSIE SAYS: "You don't need a head for figures to figure that War Bonds are the world's best investment. Are you buying all you can?"

—if it's Borden's it's got to be good

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I fell in love then, too

We met on a "blind date"—I love to remember.

Jane and Bob were getting married, and Jane had arranged a date for you and me.

You fell in love right then, you said—at first touch of my smooth, soft hand.

Just think, dear, if my hands had felt rough and gratey. They did for a while. 'Til Jane advised me to use Jergens Lotion. My job takes the natural softness-protecting moisture from my hands.

But your wife will have soft hands, I promise you, dear. From now on, I'll always use Jergens Lotion.

Girls in college, so smart and so charming, use Jergens Lotion, nearly 4 to 1. Have almost professional hand care that way. Help rough skin to delightful softness and smoothness with 2 ingredients many doctors prescribe. No fussy stickiness. Be just as clever; use this famous Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

Be Beautiful

THAT old slogan about health being the foundation for beauty is more important than ever today. Glowing skin, clear eyes, shining hair depend on general bodily health. They are the products of vitality, that sum total of energy and glowing health which everybody wants and needs to survive strenuous wartime work and the high-tension living of today.

Just because our grandmothers weren't vitamin conscious doesn't mean they didn't know a thing or two about health. Old-fashioned tonics, especially those of sulphur and molasses, helped give calcium and valuable minerals to the system, and these helped build good bones and teeth and make fingernails strong, clear and healthy. Without these beautifying minerals in her body, a woman's nails are apt to peel off continuously in layers. Under these circumstances no nail polish will stay on and the general effect is one of total war and destruction. Milk, eggs, orange juice and lots of cooked and raw cauliflower, cabbage and Brussels sprouts, plus the whole-grain or enriched cereals should help toward the ultimate result of better looking nails.

For Rough Skin

ROUGH skin around the nails, rough knuckles and wrists, and chapped ankles, calves and elbows are all part of that general lack of body tone. For these your favorite hand cream or lotion is a necessary aid to good grooming.

Don't pass up the plentiful use of a mild soap and warm water. But rinse off the soap entirely, dry the hands carefully on a soft, clean towel, then use the cream or lotion. Exercise the hands, too. Flex them from the wrists; clench and unclench them. Think of them as graceful and this helps you to use them gracefully. Give them daily care with your manicure accessories, and skin care as well.

New spring clothes won't be becoming and do you justice if you have neglected health, first, and grooming for beauty, second. So begin with health—and that means eating right, getting some exercise, sunshine and fresh air daily. Then go on from there with the best care possible to your skin, hair, hands and body as a whole.

New Blouses

INTERESTING detail, either in the fabric or trimming, is the keynote of the new spring blouses. They are more important than ever this year because so many girls and women are wearing suits.

Your new blouse should be simple and fresh looking. Printed fabric blouses and printed blouse tops to dark dresses are new. These are of floral patterns, geometric designs, seed packet novelties in rayon crepe, a music box print, and a series of very American ideas inspired by desert blooms such as the tumbleweed and the cactus.

Many of these are easily washable. Read the labels when you buy and obey the laundering instructions.

Indian chief had heap big cold

('cause he didn't keep his wig wa'm)

So he puffed a pack of KOOLS

(His throat felt peaceful)

He liked 'em without reservation then

(So he said)

Why don't I tote 'm all the time

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

Here Comes Quaker with a Bang Bang!

WHEAT SHOT FROM GUNS

IS THE DELICIOUS BREAKFAST EVERYONE'S SINGING ABOUT!

Fighting America Now Eats 10,000,000 More Servings a Month of These Crisp, Tasty Breakfast Grains!

PUT A SPARKLE in war time breakfasts with these big, tasty wheat grains, crisp as the crackle of a campfire! For these king-size kernels are SHOT FROM GUNS! Glorified! Crispy-fied! With a rich, roasty flavor like nuts in November! So popular, America now eats 10,000,000 servings a month more than a year ago!

TWO VITAMINS AND IRON! Yes, Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies are restored with Vitamin B_1, Niacin and Iron, in amounts present in the natural grain. It's a "Basic 7" food, according to our government's war time nutrition standards.

ALL READY TO SERVE with milk and some fruit! See how the whole family perks up to this sturdy breakfast! Mighty tasty any time of the day!

QUAKER *PUFFED WHEAT SPARKIES*
PUFFED RICE SPARKIES

it makes the gravy

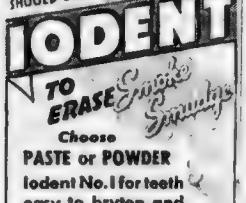
Today more than ever, gravy makes the meal. And Kitchen Bouquet makes the gravy—by enhancing and bringing out true meat flavor—NOT by substituting an imitation flavor. Only Kitchen Bouquet gives you these results.

KITCHEN BOUQUET

SMOKERS SHOULD USE IODENT TO ERASE Cigarette Smudges

Choose PASTE or POWDER

Iodent No. 1 for teeth easy to bryten and No. 2 for teeth *hard* to bryten are made by a Dentist. Choose the texture to suit your teeth and watch those smudges vanish.



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HOUSEHOLD ALMANACK

A Good Point-Saver Dinner

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Author of "Cook It in a Casserole"

SPRING appetites are keen. Even in the best run families there comes a time every April when something different has to be offered that hungry group around the dining table. That particular dinner must not only look good when you bring it in from the kitchen, but every dish in it must have that extra something special in flavor. Then hunger will be satisfied and every body will be happy. If you can manage that kind of dinner on only a few of the precious points you're spreading over the month's buying you will have still more cause for rejoicing.

Here is a dinner which is scrumptiously good. It's easy to prepare, and it's easy on the ration stamps.

Baked Stuffed Heart with Potatoes
Boiled Cabbage with Cheese Sauce
Bread and Butter or Fortified Margarine
Orange Watercress Salad
Molasses Cookies
or Easy Brown Betty
Coffee or Tea
Milk for the Children

Baked Stuffed Hearts

2 calves' hearts
½ cup bread crumbs
½ teaspoon poultry seasoning
1 onion finely chopped
5 tablespoons margarine
salt and pepper
8-ounce can mushrooms
4 potatoes

Make a stuffing of the crumbs, poultry seasoning, finely chopped onion and three tablespoons of margarine. Season it with salt and pepper.

Wash the hearts, remove the veins and arteries and wash the meat again. Sprinkle the cavities and outside of the meat with salt and pepper. Then stuff them with the prepared dressing and sew the openings and tie them firmly. Roll each heart in flour. Melt two tablespoons of margarine in a deep baking pan or a Dutch oven. Brown the hearts in this. Drain the mushrooms, saving the liquid. Chop the mushrooms, and stir them gently into the pan with the hearts. Stir them about till browned. Add the mushroom liquid. Cover the pot tightly and cook in a slow oven (325 degrees F.) or on low heat on top of the range, for one hour.

Wash the potatoes and pare them thinly. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper and add to the pot in which the hearts are cooking. Cover it tightly again and cook an additional hour. Remove the meat, mushrooms and potatoes to a hot serving platter. Add an extra two tablespoons of flour to the drippings in the pot. Stir this till smooth and brown. Add one cup of vegetable water (the water from the cabbage saucepan) and stir until smooth. This gravy and meat serves four generously.

Buy one veal heart to serve two persons. Two of them, or one large beef heart, for four people.

Boiled Cabbage au Gratin

1 head cabbage (medium)
2 tablespoons butter or fortified margarine
4 tablespoons grated cheese
2 tablespoons bread crumbs
cayenne

Wash the cabbage, remove any dried leaves from the outside. Cut the head in eighths. Wash again, under running water and look it over carefully. Drain and put it in a saucepan. Just barely cover it with boiling salted water and cook it uncovered fifteen to twenty minutes, until tender. Remove the cabbage from the water to the baking dish.

Mix the cheese and bread crumbs with a little cayenne and sprinkle over the top of the cabbage. Dot with bits of butter or margarine. Brown it in the oven beside the meat. Serves four to six. A little left-over gravy, or white sauce, may be poured over the cabbage before the crumbs are added.

Cauliflower is delicious prepared by the same recipe; cook it, after washing and preparing it, quickly in just enough boiling salted water to cover, and cover the kettle, then follow the above steps.

Molasses Cookies

¼ cup sugar
½ cup butter or shortening
1 egg
1 teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon baking soda
2 cups flour
⅓ cup milk
⅔ cup old-fashioned molasses

Cream the fat, add sugar gradually, beating well. Add the egg, beat well. Sift together the flour, spices, salt, soda and baking powder. Mix the milk and molasses. Add the flour and liquid alternately to the first mixture, about one-third of each at a time. When all is mixed drop this dough from a teaspoon onto a lightly greased baking tin. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about twenty minutes. Makes about seven dozen small cookies.

A Delicious Dinner of Baked Stuffed Veal Hearts

Easy Brown Betty

2½ cups fresh applesauce
3 slices whole wheat bread
3 tablespoons butter, or fortified margarine
3 teaspoons sugar
¾ teaspoon cinnamon

Put the applesauce in the bottom of a one-quart baking dish. Spread each slice of bread with butter or margarine. Then sprinkle it with the sugar and cinnamon mixed together. Cut the bread to fit the casserole and lay the pieces on top of the applesauce, buttered side up. Set this in the hot oven (450 degrees F.) for fifteen minutes. Serve with or without cream or top milk. This serves four.

NO-POINT MEATS MAKE FINE DINNERS

THE HOME economists and nutritionists who work with meats have developed delicious dinner dishes using such no-point cuts as pork neckbones, backbones, feet, tails, oxjoints, kidneys, tripe, brains. Stews, pot roasts, braised and fricasseed combinations are the best cookery methods for these meats; or use them with rice, noodles, macaroni, cereals or vegetables to extend them.

Low-point cuts are lamb breast, flank, neck and shanks; pork hocks, knuckles, spareribs and bacon ends. Ask for them at the butcher's. Watch the daily papers for special low-point offers on other cuts.

Here are menu hints from the same nutritionists: braised oxjoints with noodles, parsleyed carrots, hot apple pie. Barbecued lamb riblets, tossed green salad, hot French bread. Curried lamb shanks, savory potato balls, molded pear salad. Braised pork feet on rice, onions baked with tomatoes, poppy seed rolls. Pork liver creole, whipped potatoes with parsley, green beans and onions.

ALMANACK COOKING HINTS

HAVE you received a copy of The Almanack's handy new chart containing seventy helpful hints? It shows you new ways to prepare your favorite vegetables, fruits, meats and desserts in record time and with a minimum amount of trouble. Send a 3-cent stamp for this chart, 70 Handy Almanack Cooking Hints, and for each of the following Almanack Charts that you desire.

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ALMANACK RECIPES DEPT., THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, 939 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

FAT SALVAGE

Salvaging fat requires organization, too! Keep two glass containers in the refrigerator, one labeled "drippings" and one labeled "salvage." Into the first pour bacon, sausage, pork, beef and other drippings that can be used for cooking. Into the second strain fats that have no cooking value. Every tablespoon saved is important!

Here's a flavor idea. Baste pot roasts and meat loaves during cooking with the spiced liquid from pickled fruits or vegetables.

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Here's Oyster Pie!

ONE of the easiest and most satisfying dishes for the family table at this time of year is a delicious oyster pie. Here's a new way to make it:

- 1 pint bluepoint oysters
- 1 cup sliced mushrooms
- 3 tablespoons butter, or margarine
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon celery salt
- dash of pepper
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- Baking powder biscuit dough

Wash and peel the mushrooms, slice them and cook them in the butter or margarine till they are almost tender. Stir in the flour. Add the milk gradually and cook until thickened, stirring all the while. Add the seasonings, then the lemon juice. Add the oysters last. Let all cook one minute longer.

Line the bottom and sides of a small casserole with baking powder biscuit dough one-eighth inch thick. Fill with the oyster mixture and cover with rolled dough. Press the edges of the top dough and the bottom one together with a fork dipped into flour. Make several small slits in the top crust to let the steam escape. Bake this in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) fifteen minutes; then reduce the heat to moderate (350 degrees F.) and bake ten to fifteen minutes longer. Four small baking dishes may be used in place of one large one for this recipe. It makes a fine spring supper for four.

Patterns for Mother and Daughter

PATTERN 3653—Cotton frock with gay contrast. Sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrast.

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TEMPTING TREATS FROM Variety Meats!

COOK WITH CRISCO! No other shortening does so much to make rationed meals EXCITING and DIGESTIBLE!

Are the dishes you make from point-thrifty variety meats *exciting to eat? Easy to digest?* They can be! Cook with Crisco and see!

It's True! Crisco does more than any other shortening. For Crisco has a cooking secret *all its own!* It gives you *lighter, more tender* cakes. A *sure* way to get *flaky, tender pie crust every time!* And with Crisco, there's no need to worry about digestions. Even Crisco *fried foods* are so digestible children may eat 'em!

Begin Today! Top that Sweetbread Pie with flaky, tender Crisco Pastry! Fry those Kidneys and Eggs in Crisco and you'll *know* they're digestible. Any time a recipe calls for shortening—reach for *pure, all-vegetable Crisco* and be *sure!*

SUMPTUOUS SWEETBREAD PIE

Soak one pair of sweetbreads in ice water 20 min. Simmer in 2 qts. boiling water with 2 tbsps. vinegar and 2 tsps. salt for 30 min. Plunge in ice water. Drain. Separate sweetbreads; remove fat and thick connecting tissues. Break into pieces. Sauté 2 cups sliced mushrooms in 2 tbsps. Crisco.

Make **WHITE SAUCE:** Blend 3 tbsps. flour with 3 tbsps. melted Crisco. (No need to use butter—Crisco makes delicious sauces.) Add 2 cups milk; cook till thickened. Before removing from heat, add 1 or 2 beaten egg yolks. Add mushrooms and sweetbreads. Season to taste. Serve in shallow casserole. Top with flaky pre-baked pastry circles made from single-crust recipe of

CRISCO PASTRY: Follow the new sure-fire Pastry Method on the Crisco label. You'll get flaky, tender, digestible pie crust *every time!* All Measurements Level. *Serves 4.*

BRITISH BREAKFAST (*Sautéed Kidney Slices with Creamy Scrambled Eggs*)

Wash and clean kidneys by removing skins, white tubes and fat. Cut into slices ¼ inch thick. Soak in cold salt water for about 10 min. Drain well; dredge with seasoned flour and sauté in about 3 tbsps. hot Crisco until brown. (It's a joy to fry with Crisco! No heavy smoke or smell—no "frying-pan" taste! And Crisco-fried foods are really digestible—even for youngsters!) Add ½ cup water; cover and simmer slowly until tender. Beat eggs with a little milk, salt and pepper. Scramble in 2 tbsps. hot Crisco. Serve kidneys and eggs on platter with toast points. All Measurements Level.

Crisco

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

Clean up for Spring!

By ELEANOR MERRITT

THIS is the year when we are going to make things last, to not throw anything away, to make over, rebuild, refinish wherever possible. Keeping the house clean and cheerful is one of the most important steps toward this objective of extending the life of things.

For the usually tedious spring cleaning new methods and simple routines help us even though we may not splash around as much soap suds as in other years. Uncle Sam asks us to conserve soap — millions of pounds of soap have been sent overseas to help prevent epidemics, to supply our armed forces and hospital workers with this necessary cleanser. So let's not waste it in the home.

But housecleaning work goes smoothly if you get into your most cheerful work dress and, by all means, a comfortable pair of shoes. Also you'll save time and effort if you collect all your supplies in one spot. Dustcloths, brushes, both long-handled and short-handled ones, the vacuum cleaner and its versatile attachments, the carpet sweeper, pails to be filled with hot sudsy water, or clear rinse water.

Be Thorough

IF THIS is a thorough cleaning, one of the old-fashioned attic-to-cellar affairs, the rugs are up, of course, and sent to the cleaner for summer storage; or they are freshened as thoroughly as possible at home and either put down again after you clean the rooms, or they are rolled and wrapped and put away for the summer.

Wash and shine the windows. Go around all the sills and casing with warm soap suds, and wipe them dry with a clean cloth. Dust lampshades with a soft brush.

Using a brush with a long handle, or the long-arm attachment of the vacuum cleaner, go around the moulding; above any windows, and over any tall bookshelves, or other woodwork. Clean down the walls, with clean cloths or wall mops. Remove pictures and mirrors and clean the wall carefully where they have hung. Wash or wipe the frames, with a damp cloth, and clean the glass using a clean damp cloth, or wet paper. Wipe them with dry cloth or paper and polish till they shine.

By this time you have come down to the upholstered furniture which needs first, a careful brushing, or going over with the vacuum attachment. Take off any slipcovers, shake and clean for spots, or send to the cleaner, or if they are washable, put them aside to be laundered. Spots on slipcovers as well as upholstered furniture and rugs are removed by a dry suds.

Easy Soap Method

TO DO this make a soap jelly by mixing one-half cup of soap scraps or shaved soap with five cups of water. Let this simmer on the range till the soap dissolves. It will be a thick jelly when it cools. For rugs or upholstery use a mild soap, for walls or woodwork a stronger one. When ready to use it, whip a small amount at a time with an electric beater or the egg beater to a fine suds. Apply this suds to the upholstery or rug with a brush, working in a circular motion, and quickly. Then using sponges or cloths wrung as dry as possible from clean water, go over the area, being careful at all times not to use too much water, to avoid wetness. In this way the entire surface of a chair, sofa or rug can be cleaned. But be sure that the dust is out of the furniture or rug before you start.

Curtains and draperies should be taken down and gone over to see if they merely need dusting and airing, or washing and cleaning before they are put away for the summer.

Rub finger marks off tables, chairs and other pieces of furniture. Use a good furniture polish and a soft cloth to shine them.

Go around the room's baseboards, using a vacuum cleaner attachment, or a long handled dust brush (to save leaning over). Go over carpets and rugs with the sweeper or vacuum cleaner, and examine rugs for spots which need mending or cleaning. Perhaps the rug can be turned so that the heaviest wear will fall on another part of it in the coming months.

Rubber gloves are back in the shops, after wartime shortages. A pair will protect your hands from the roughest washing and scrubbing; use a pair of old cotton gloves for other heavy work. And don't forget a protective hand cream or lotion before putting on the gloves, and of course when you finish the job.

Photograph Courtesy Yardley.

Protect Your Hands With a Lotion or Cream Before You Begin Housecleaning and Afterwards Too.

"I was always logy in the morning. Hardly ever really felt good. I got into the habit of taking harsh laxatives to make my system function —and almost never enjoyed normal regularity.

"One morning in the car pool, Bill Smith kidded me. 'Get next to yourself,' he told me. 'I used to be just like you until I started taking lemon and water. It isn't harsh or enervating — just a natural fruit drink that promotes *prompt, normal action.* Take the juice of a lemon in a glass of water first thing in the morning.'

"So I tried it. First thing I noticed it had a pleasant tang—made my mouth taste good—woke me up. But the wonderful thing was—this simple health drink gave me just the regulation I needed, in a *natural* way!

'Then I discovered other health benefits. I learned that lemon and water was good for me in a lot of other ways. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which restores energy, helps you resist colds and infection. They supply B_1, and are the only known source of vitamin P. They alkalinize—help your digestion. So my morning 'regulator' gives me a big bonus of other health values besides."

KEEP REGULAR THE HEALTHFUL WAY:

Juice of 1 lemon — in glass of water — first thing on arising

" Provides all the regulation most people need. And it's *healthful* —aids digestion, supplies important vitamins, builds resistance. Over eight million now take lemons for health, according to national investigations.

Try lemon and water ten days—and see if you don't benefit.

P.S. Some prefer the juice of one lemon in a half glass of water with ¾ to ½ teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate) added. Drink as the foaming quiets.

Keep regular the Healthful way!

LEMON and WATER ...first thing on arising

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